SYRIA (+ ~ for Egyptian)
(Coptic
Monuments)

Sumia

BEATRICE FROHLICH

Syrian

Nazira Heder

Mrs. Nazira Heder lives in a pleasant cottage on Wisconsin Street, San Francisco. Her family of husband, five children and numerous in-laws live there in splendid harmony. It is really an exemplary family life and in these days it shines by contrast to what one sees so largely about us. There is complete accord between all the members of this family group and a beautiful spirit of hospitality pervades the atmosphere which is very noticeable to you as you enter their home.

Mrs. Heder and her sister-in-law told me very proudly, "We, Syrians stick together. None of our people are on relief. Not only are we thrifty and we all have a little money, at least, but if by some rare chance any of us should be in need the other Syrians would at once look after them. They take the stand that any one of their blood in need is a disgrace to all the others." Truly they are their brothers' keepers in the real sense and spirit of the word. They told me that one never sees an intoxicated Syrian. They donot object to a little wine or beer but they are very much opposed to strong drink of any kind. They are a dignified race and intoxication does not go with dignity.

I asked Mrs. Heder if she liked living in America. She said, "I like it, and I especially like California and then too, all my children were born here. But somehow we all feel as if we still belong to Syria, too. Once a Syrian always a Syrian. And yet we make very fine citizens of this fine country. You donot find criminals among us. We are good home and family people." That is the estimate that Mrs. Heder gave me of her countrymen. She told me too that life in Syria was very pleasant. People lived slower, more genially, en-

joying their friends, their gardens, story-telling, singing, the out-of-doors, in one word, enjoying life without the rush and bustle prevalent here and life itself seems to have a deeper meaning. She made a rather quaint comparison. Life in Syria seemed more of the essential spirit of things, life in America seemed a matter of sanitary and other conveniences, of mechanical contrivances, of bluff and pretense.

Mrs. Heder is forty-two years old. She was born in Batoun which is a suburb of Beirut, in the Lebanon district of Syria. Her father was a barber which means that he also pulled teeth, and frequently acted as physician. They were comfortably placed in life although not wealthy and they came to America because they had relatives here who had gone before them and as they were all devoted to one another they did not wish to be separated from the rest of their family. Nazira was educated in Syrian, French and Greek Catholic schools, her family being of Greek Catholic persuasion. Beirut is of great interest to Americans for it is here that the famed Syrian Protestant College is situated to which people of all creeds go for higher learning. This college and the Robert College on the Bosporus have a tremendous leavening power in and throughout the Near East. Beirut is the center of modern Arabic literature and liberalism and the American college had a wide-reaching effect on the thought-life of Arabic-speaking lands.

In Nazira's childhood, Syria was under Turkish domination. The Turk has always been known for his cruelty as master and his exploiting of subject races and hence was heartily hated by the Syrians. The Turkish attitude toward infidels, as the Christian Syrians were called may have had something to do with the determin-

ation of the members of Nazira's family to emigrate to America although they themselves were quite contented and happy in Beirut. They like the French as leaders and masters and from letters which they now receive from Syria it appears that the French are doing their best to make the Syrians satisfied with their government.

Nazira's family had arranged to come to San Francisco but the earthquake interfered just at that time so first they went to Mexico and lived there for a time, approximately eight months. They then proceeded to Beaumont, Texas where they opened a small dry-goods store and they lived there for several years. They finally came to San Francisco. Mr. Heder and his brother-in-law own a grocery store and they are making a comfortable living. They have never returned to visit Syria but they hope to do so before long but they will never leave California for very long.

Mrs. Heder is famous for her culinary ability and Syrian dishes are, naturally her specialty. At times she has spoken over the radio on Syrian cookery. Her family and home are her chief concern and to make them happy her object in life. Business matters she leaves to her husband although he doesnot hesitate to consult her and respects her opinions.

SECRETS FROM SYRIA

Air Waves Bring Menu Words

Miss Florence Heder (left) showing Ann Welcome, The Call-Bulletin home economics editor, how Syrian vegetables are prepared. Miss Heder was heard this morning over KPO at 9:15 in an interview by Ann Welcome on the "Foreign Food Fancies," which comes to you each Thursday at the same time. Don't forget to tune in again next week.

Daughter of Nazira Hedir broadcasts mother's recipes for her.

Road leading to Beirut, Syria

Syrian Village Maiden

Cosmopolitan Syria

These college students represent six races-Syrian, Egyptian Turk, Armenian, Greek and Jew.

The village well

It furnishes drinking water but is also the Syrian woman's forum and laundry. Men gather at the market place but the women discuss the topics of the day at the well.

Beatrice Frohlich

Issu Shaheen

Ramallah and Shaheen is the name of a large and prosperous importing concern on Mission Street. It has been in business for many years and being a wholesale house it is the main source of supply for goods such as Syrian peddlers and small business houses are wont to sell.

This concern deals in brocades, hangings, tapestries, embroideries and the like. But no more do the beautiful and genuine Oriental goods find their way to its shelves. Years ago when the firm was first formed that was all they deigned to deal in but now no longer do the exquisite articles from Damascus, Beirut, Aleppo, Bagdad comprise the stock. Now it consists almost exclusively of those gaudy imitations which are made so cheaply in Italy and France these days. These machine-made goods depict in garish colors, scenes of the desert and the orient and couldnot be considered art goods in any sense of the word. However there is enough demand for them as they are and the business is quite lucrative. The Syrians have taken over this market which has become an outgrowth of the former market of genuine goods.

Issu Shaheen is the youngest member of the firm which consists of two Ramallahs and two Shaheens. He hails from Beirut and he arrived in San Francisco last year when his brother sent for him. He is twenty-five years old and has lived under both Turkish and French rule in Syria. He can therefor give a very clear idea of conditions in his native land. His elder brother and one of the founders of the business came here many years ago. Becoming successful he arranged to have his brothers and sisters in the old country educated sending money liberally to them to help them in their endeavors.

Young Issu is a typical example of modern Syrian youth. He is a graduate of the famed American Protestant College in Beirut which is noted for the thoroughness of its instruction and the excellence of its teaching staff. The older Shaheen did not enjoy these advantages, but with the natural astuteness and business acumen of the Syrian he helped create a remarkably successful establishment.

Issu is hopeful about Syria's future. He admits that the French have done much to improve conditions materially in his country. They have built splendid roads-whole networks of them- have modernized Beirut and developed education but he says the Syrians with pride of background and in their glorious historic past, if given the chance could go on to a glorious future under their own government. They want to be themselves not just Frenchified Orientals. They have'nt had the opportunity to show what they could accomplish because first they were ground under heel by the Turk and now they feel that they are patronized by the French.

The Syrians possess a keen instinct almost a passion, one might say, for business; that they also like the good things of life and hence he argues, not so incorrectly that they would be able to govern themselves. Self-government is what every modern Syrian is yearning for.

"Never, never", he says will the Frenchman understand us. "He thinks because we ape his ways, dress like him and speak his language that we are patterning ourselves after him but the essential difference in us he cannot comprehend.

"The Syrians, Christians and Moslems are clamoring for independence, for release from mandatory foreign power. True - they are convinced of thmaterial superiority of the West but they despise the western conception of life."

The Syrians are great travellers but not many comparatively speaking, settle permanently in other lands. So it is with the local colony. There is a small nucleus of permanent residents and a constantly shifting group of transient wanderers that are here for awhile, welcomed by their countrymen and after a while, gone again to be followed by others. Many who have become wealthy here and in other foreign countries return to Syria finally, after all. Quite a few of them even turn Protestant in Protestant countries or become inclined that way through Protestant education in Syria.

Issu as yet does not know whether he will remain here permanently or return to Syria to live again. But my opinion is that he is carefully watching conditions in his native land and cautiously keeping his eye on the turn of events and that after a certain length of time he will go back again. Who knows but that he may be one of those inspired youth to be there when his country will need him .

Project 2-F2-98
submitted by
H.C.Beckwith
Feb.27th1935.

L476

Egyptian.

Ancient Egypt, its very name suggests the pyramids, the sphinx, mummies and the tombs of ancient kings and queens.On either side of the placid flowing Nile, civilizations have arisen and fallen; a people have conquered and been conquered; while to-day this familiar country is practically independent with every semblance of a good government aimed towards advancement.

Marinius, so dark hued that at first I mistook him for a negro, was born in Cairo, which is as well known to-day as it was of old. In the year eighteen-sixty-four, he first saw the light of day, the only son of an itinerant salesman. Little does he recall of his life in Cairo, as he departed from there at the age of fifteen for America. His particular reason for coming to this country was his desire to pursue an education here and also the fact that he foresaw a more advantageous future.

In Boston, Massachusetts he first resided for over twenty years, it being conveniently located near the centers of learning. An ardent student of philosophy, Marinius is constantly studying and has a degree from an Eastern University. In nineteen-twenty, he arrived in San Francisco, where he has continued to reside, particularly impressing on me the fact that for over twenty-one years he has remained in the same house on Laguna street.

Well educated and with the ability to express himself on many current subjects of interest, Marinius also speaks very fluent English. Unamrried, he is now an American citizen of which fact he is very proud. Inquiring as to whether he would care to return to Egypt, Marinius answered decidedly in the negative.

German.

L477

A very brief resume as to Rudolph, whose history as given to me is very brief indeed. Born in Berlin, Germany, Rudy fought in Russo-Japanese war, on which side he did not state, being rather suspicious as to the particular purpose of my line of questioning. As to when he arrived in San Francisco, he did not state, but safe to say he is an American citizen, of which fact he is proud, and expects to live in our fair city permanently,having married here and owning his home.

Born in Cairo - Egypt - My Father was employed by a large - Importing & Exporting house of London and Liverpool - and had a very fine position with them - when I was about - nine years old my Father - was ordered to take Charge of the Manila - Branch which was going to be opened by this concern - so ~~we had~~ we moved to Manila - my Father - mother - Sister and I - my Father spoke about six ~~languages~~ languages - after I was - 16 years old - and then school in Manila - my Father who was quite prosperous - sent my Sister and myself to - College here I took up - Chemistry - and my sister - Music and piano - after being here a few years - went home for a vacation my sister and I both did not like it any more - in Manila - after having a taste of Berkeley and San Francisco life and climate and we made lots of Friends - well after I graduated from - college - and I did not with me

high honors — my Father thought it would be a good idea for me to come back to Manila — go with him in business or start a drug store. But he had promised me — that if I graduated with good marks he would give me a trip to New York — first — this trip took and — after being in New York — a few weeks — I met an owner of one of the finest drug stores there — explained to him — that I was a chemist etc — He said why don't you — come and work for me awhile — before going home and get practical experience — I thought this wonderful — and took the job at a fairly good salary — and wrote my Father what I had done and after a little experience — might return home — However, after two years — I seemed to have enough of New York and left there to return home — The owner of this drug store — said if

you feel you might change your mind about going back to Manila - I have a friend in San Francisco - who also has a fine drug store and he may prevail to give you some assistance well upon my arrival here - I called on him - and he offered me a job when he heard what I had moved for in New York - well I accepted the position - very much to the anger of my Father and disappointment to him - however after working 3 years for this man he became ill and I ran the store for him until He finally had to go to a high and dry climate - so he moved to Arizona - and offered me - the store - well I did not have enough money - my Father gave me 10.000 - and I paid of the Balance in two years out of my profits. And it has prospered ever since of course not as big during this depression but things are getting better - I since have opened a store down the (one)

Peninsula and that too is doing well.
The better drug stores — sure give service
and deserved the patronage — as we
give service day and night —
and truly become — part of a family —
Since the N.R.A — our ~~other~~ national
advertised products have taken a
large increase in sales —
naturally — the price being the same
all over — the N.R.A. ~~has~~ has
helped us — considerable — naturally
the drug megam is price minded —
when we cared — 35¢ for a tooth
paste for example — shoppers —
could buy it at the cut Rate stores
and large department stores for 29¢ or
less — we could not afford to
sell it at that price and stay
in business — but now with the
N.R.A → price for each article being
alike alone — people shop where it
is handiest — and can have things
sent — price being alike —
Of course the N.R.A — has hurt
I believe the larger stores —

overhead - down - and this is almost impossible to do - and the chain stores - which open in each neighborhood - hard - also hurt them - selling at cheaper prices I believe the big large stores will have to tear out sharply to preserve themselves - it seems impossible to make these big overheads anymore - and they can only cut it down to a certain point and remain open - ~~I~~ in otherwords the elephant has gotten so large - its taxes the people all to feed it - and that is the way it is with these stores in these times - I think it will be many years - before we are out of this depression - another war would help - but I sincerely hope not - to see another war they settle nothing - it seems the losing nation usually - ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ zones up again for another war - that all Germany seems to be doing (ac)

no doubt about it - But there is no law that does not work both ways - I can see their point of view - a woman can buy - a jar of a certain Brand of Cream - at her neighborhood - store at the same price she can buy it downtown - in the large cut rate drug and dept stores - and can get it when she needs it - don't have to store up - ~~now~~ nor lug it home - But the department store will suffer - of course a good deal of it is their own fault - they have gone into everything of business but their own - I remember when a dry goods store - kept dry goods to day - one might say - they have everything but dry good - musical instruments - Radio's - Pianos - Auto supplies - Food of all kind etc in fact what don't they keep and they have gotten so large that - they try anything to keep their

right now - Japan is the biggest world menace and in somewhere - they should be curbed - otherwise they will walk over the world -

John E Mannheim

analyzed

Egyptian

John G. is an Egyptian born in Cairo, and after very little schooling, at the age of thirteen went to work as a laborer for a British Oil Company. Work was hard and the pay was small. During his third year at this he met three of his countrymen of his in a wine shop who put him wise on how to make much easier money.

This was the smuggling of dope, which he and this gang carried on for two years until they were caught by the Egyptian authorities with the result that John lost his liberty for three long years in jail. While in jail he studied astrology very hard, and became convinced of its stupidity, but also saw means of making a good living.

So after leaving prison he went to Paris, France, to become an astrologer for two years. In 1924, he came to the United States, and from then to 1930 has amassed $10,000 through his astrology. He also has a sideline reading the bumps on people's heads which, he says, is much more scientific than astrology although it is an undeveloped science.

He travels around deal through the country and seems to be "pretty slick", detests hard work of any kind, Patriotism means nothing to him.

EGYPTIAN

John C. is an Egyptian, born in Cairo. After very little schooling, at the age of thirteen, he went to work as a laborer for a British oil company. Work was hard and the pay was small. During his third year at this he met three countrymen of his in a wine shop who put him wise on how to make much easier money.

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He travels a great deal through the country and seems to be "pretty slick". He detests hard work of any kind. Patriotism means nothing to him.

Mr. P., sales manager of a rug company in Oakland was born in Urmiah, located in the northwestern portion of Persia.

The name of "Urmia" means "City of Water", "Ur" being city, "Umiah" being water. Tradition has it that Urmiah was the birth place of Zoroaster. Their ancient civilization is still alive with hospitality, hard to be improved. Their language is Syriac, or Aramaic, the language of Christ.

Urmiah is known as Rezayeh, the original town having been destroyed during the war by the Turks and persians as the Assyrians from this district clashed with the Persians. There are some forty thousand Assyrian Christians known as Nestorian Christians. However the larger population is Mohammedan.

Rezayeh is surrounded by villages. The principal occupation is raising tobacco, raisins, some opium, the weaving of small rugs and farming.

There is a colony of Assyrians in Turlock, California engaged in farming.

Schools are scarce in Urmiah, though there is one American mission, organized some hundred years ago, from which Mr. P. graduated.

The Assyrians are good students; many come to the United

States for education. They apply themselves well and generally graduate into the professions, such as medicine or dentistry, though some are engaged in plastering. Generally they continue to live here after graduation, though before the war they were prone to return to their native land.

The largest colony of Assyrians is in Chicago. Some three hundred are in the East Bay and San Francisco. However, there are few Assyrians left in the world. Those still in Persia live in Mesopotamia.

Music is hardly known. There are many good preachers among them, mostly of the Christian faith. In weaving their rugs there is no particular design aside from that of the pear, the fruit which comes from their sacred tree.

Mr. P. is not married and is living with his people in San Francisco.

Syrian people are enduring many hardships, and are three generations behind the times, according to Joseph Malouf, native Syrian, now a manufacturer of a huge garment factory of San Francisco, where over a hundred employees are at work daily, providing stocks which are selling in all western states.

Mr. Malouf came from Beirut, in Villayet, in Asiatic Turkey, landing in America when he was but eight years old. He has resided in the United States since that time, working very hard at all times. He gives as one cause of the prevailing situation in Syria, the lack of compulsory education. The people do not send their children to school. In fact, they cannot, they are too poor; the majority of people, he asserts, suffer from poverty. They simply cannot afford to send the children to school.

A compulsory school law could not be enforced, in the belief of this countryman, unless financial provision is made by the government to assist people in complying with such a law.

School hours there are from 8:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. with one hour for noon. This Syrian child was placed in school by his parents at the age of four years, when he started studying reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic.

There are no kindergartens or other preliminary training periods.

His family was in the silk raising business. They had mulberry orchards and silk worms, which they cared for, producing sil threads for sale. The family home was built of stone, two stories, with a sod roof, which was flat. Sometimes the houses here are ranged along a street, side by side; they are quite large, housing both the family with all their belongings and the business, as well. A family lives in one portion, keeps the stocks in another, the silk-worms in still another portion, all thus being under one roof.

His parents had a large family, quite a few children younger and older than he was at the time of his coming to America. He had continued school until the age of eight. Then, a cousin of his mother's, planning to come to America where the family had many other Syrian relatives who had come over before, wanted to bring two of the children with her, Joseph, then eight, and an older sister. This arrangement was agreeable to Joseph's parents, and the lad embarked for America.

They all arrived in New York, where the family lived five or six years, with Joseph and his sister attending school regularly. Joseph here learned English, of course,

which he wanted very much to do. He had worked hard in school, and at the age of fourteen years he left New York alone, and came to another family of Syrians who were relatives, who lived in Utah, and had a retail store there. They were willing to have him come and so everything was arranged. His sister stayed on in New York with the other Syrian family.

Thus Joseph started his business career in the west, working in the store, clerking and studying; sometimes he attended day school and worked nights, other times attending night courses, and working days. He stayed here three years. Then, when he was seventeen years old, he went to live with still another relative, who had a factory manufacturing women's garments. Here he started in the shipping department, working for two years in this capacity. Reward for his hard work came in the form of a travelling salesman's job.

Thus at the age of nineteen years, this Syrian youth started travelling the western states, with his lines of manufacture, women's garments, lingerie and dresses. This employment he continued faithfully for ten years, saving his money, planning all the while for the time when he could go into business for himself. He wanted to settle down, preferably on the Pacific Coast, and open a garment

factory. He had been saving every possible dollar to this end.

About this time a cousin, located in San Francisco, who had been working aggressively as a salesman for an automobile concern, and had saved his money, joined him, and they together opened a large dress manufacturing shop. Joe, who understood thoroughly all branches of the business, was to manage production, and every branch of the plant, such as designing, buying of supplies, running the workroom, etc. Bert, adept in salesmanship, was to manage sales, do the actual selling in the beginning and place all production.

They secured a good location in the wholesale district, a fine dress designer from New York, and with other help opened up auspiciously at a time when business was flowing in an even way. Their outlood was good. But these two young Syrian men found they could not agree. Joseph had the actual dress manufacturing experience; he had an even disposition, too, while Bert was of an impetuous disposition, violent at times, no real training in garment making or selling. But in the meantime Bert had married into a well-to-do Syrian family who wished him to continue in the dress business.

Both wanted to keep the business. Yet one or the other had to get out, both agreed. So they decided on a "buy or

sell" offer, and Bert, who was able immediately to raise the necessary fifteen thousand dollars produced that sum (secured from his in-laws) and Joseph stepped out.

Joseph lost no time securing a new location, installed machines and other necessary equipment and launched a "slip" manufacturing business, making a tremendous success from the start. Then came contention concerning the trade name "Malouf", lawsuits, and hard feelings, but these differences were eventually ironed out and a better relationship came about between the former partners.

Three years ago, Joseph Malouf, Inc., moved into 755 Market Street, in a perfectly planned factory, located on the sixth and top floor. The place is ideal, spacious, well lighted, centrally located, equipped with the latest machinery and fixtures. The location is perfect too, in relation to San Francisco retail buyers, who patronize his place, and out of town buyers who like its central location.

Attractive lines of silk lingerie were added to slip lines with this move, giving the plant wider distribution. These lines are carried by salesmen into western states, moving quantities of this finer merchandise.

"Now that France has taken over Syria", said Mr. Malouf, again reverting to his discussion of his native home, "they are trying to put the country one its feet. There

are improvements but the country is at least fifty years behind the times yet. If they could arrange about school for the children, the country would show real improvement.

"Syria is a good country. The climate is good, actually a good deal like California. It does not get so cold there in winter as you might expect since they have some snow. It is a good agricultural country, raising bananas, grapes for wine, dates, orange groves, in fact, all tropical fruits.

"The eastern part, back from the sea, is dry and irrigation is necessary here. Wheat is raised in abundance, also fruits and vegetables, with a great deal of live stock, particularly sheep. With such production, the country should be in much better condition. Beirut, where I lived, as you know, is a seaport, with a good deal of moisture on that shore.

"The houses are quite different from over here. They look more like long rows of flats than individual homes. Business men have their homes, business, and store of materials and products all under the one roof, selecting different portions for various purposes. This is quite different from the American way. Also the houses are not built so compactly, or comfortably."

Mr. Malouf tells about the Syrian cookery, which, he

says, includes many very different dishes, often made from similar vegetables to those we raise and use here. The food there is usually steamed a long while, as in the instance of rolled cabbage. Once while Bert Malouf was still in San Francisco the writer was invited to a Syrian dinner, which included this rolled cabbage dish, as the meat offering. Meat is chopped, seasoned and mixed with boiled rice, which is then folded or rolled in huge cabbage leaves, which are secured with wooden pins, and steamed three hours.

One of the other offerings at this dinner was eggplant which had been halved, hollowed and stuffed with a mixture of bread crumbs, minced vegetables and seasoning, then covered over the top with peanuts, and baked until the nuts were brown, a delicious way to cook eggplant.

Syrian women find the quicker ways of American housewives less tiresome than their own native ways of steaming foods. Syrians now living in this country have adapted their manner of living to those habits they find prevailing here; in fact a real Syrian dinner has become an event in these Syrian families, so that usually it included invited guests in order that many may enjoy the cooking which involves so much work.

~~C. Woodbury, Investigator~~

INTERVIEW 8

S. G. Saklem, Syrian, born near the city of Antioch in a suburb called Bateyos in Syria which is situated between Asia Minor and ~~Big~~ Asia proper.

There were nine in the family. His mother is still alive at the age of 91, living in Riverside, California, with one of his brothers.

Mr. Saklem learned his trade in silk, weaving, and garment and making. ~~Shawls.~~ He informed me that the pure silk materials manufactured there never wear out; that he himself still owns silk garments that are more than 60 years old, and that many girls when getting married, and too poor to buy a wedding dress, wear the same dress that the mother wore when married.

Travel there, is mostly by caravan. The country is tropical, or semi-tropical. Fruits are grown the year round. Figs, grapes, pomegranates, pears, apricots. Antioch is a veritable Garden of Eden according to a travel writer, so ~~it~~ ~~says~~ Mr. Saklem says.

Singing, there, is not by note or ear. People gather together and sing. At the age of 16, Mr. Saklem went to a sort of park some 13 miles from Antioch. The dances there were a motion of up and down, a sort of vertical dance, I should say. Their Religion is ~~the~~ Ancient Armenian and Protestant. The ancient Armenian in ritual is somewhat similar to the Episcopalian..

At the age of 14 owing to the death of his father, young Saklem set out to support the family. For a time he travelled with a missionary who was counsel and lived in a sea port town. Later on he travelled for a doctor acting as interpreter. This doctor lived in Tarsus. In this way he supported his mother and brothers and sisters travelling in and around Beirut and Tarsus.

He came to our country at the age of 21 and for a time he worked in a steel mill, also a machine shop and inventing establishment, learning the language all the time. Finally his brother came over to be with him and Mr. Saklem began travelling in the picture business and has lived in it ever since. He is married and has two boys. Is a citizen.

Mr. Saklem told me that when the World War spread into Turkey ~~that~~ his folks retired into the mountains until finally informed that a French cruiser was ready to take them away.

Fragments of the ancient wall still surround Antioch. The city has no sanitary system when Saklem lived there. It was under the rule of Turkey. The Armenians, Syrians, and Greeks do not like the Turks. However, the better class of Turks do not drink, and are, to a certain ~~an~~ extent, honest. The Turks consider the Armenians and others, dogs. Speak of them as such.

While drinking was not so prevalent as now, still the better class of Turks do not drink. This, before France began to mandate over this section, was to a great extent universal, but since the war this has not been so much the case, as a large distillery was built, and since then drinking has been far more prevalent.

Under Turkish rule conditions were very bad, particularly under the Sultan Ahmed. This condition has become much better under French rule.

Mr. Saklem related an instance of his brother Abraham, who when 17, left school and was travelling to relatives. His school books he carried with him. It was a necesssity that he be searched at certain given points, and in the searching an essay that he had written in school scoring the Turks was uncovered. The boy was arrested and spent eight months in prison. A Turkish prison is probably as mean a place to be confined as there is, according to Mr. Saklem. The men are herded in together and sleep close together on mattresses on the prison floor. Fleas and lice prevail. Through a missionary the English ambassador interceded with Sultan Ahmed and in one of his better moods he pardoned the boy. When informed that he was pardoned the boy shivered for he had known of others being pardoned who were shot when leaving outside the prison walls. However, in his case the pardon held true.

The depression has hit Mr. Saklem's business sadly. However, he is well pleased with America.

V.B. was born in a little village called Septist near Baghdad in Mesopotamia. It is a village entirely made up of Assyrians. It is in the midst of a desolate region of bad soil and rock. For centuries the villagers have worked unceasingly to keep their gardens and orchards intact. Wave after wave of Turkish soldiers have descended upon the town and have caused havoc and destruction. They killed the leading inhabitants and carried off their women. During the late war almost three-fourths of the villagers were killed and the rest driven from the town.

All this V.B. witnessed as a boy. When they were driven from the town his family went to Baghdad and then to Damascus and still later to Constantinople. After the war they came to America and settled in New Jersey in a settlement on the heights across from New York City which is the largest Assyrian settlement in America. Five years ago they came to California.

V.B. remembers only hardship and terror from his childhood days. Their days were spent in preserving their language and religion and families from extinction. They are a close-knit group and intermarry among themselves.

V.B. is a Jacobite and a faithful member of the church. Only once a year a priest comes here and solemnizes the

birth, marriage and christening ceremonies. Otherwise they attend the Greek Church. There are only seventy thousand Assyrians left in the world and V.B. makes it a point to keep in touch with their organizations and churches all over the world as well as their brothers the Chaldeans. The language is Assyrian mixed with a good deal of Syriac and Turkish words.

In San Francisco there are about four hundred. They fraternize mostly with the Syrians. Of these about one hundred fifty come from Persia.

V.B. is a barber by trade. He is unmarried and lives with a family from the same village in Syria as his own, who have been in San Francisco for twenty-five years. He is rather non-committal about his own personal life because of the tragic memories it brings back but will talk a good deal about the Assyrian people and their history.

Beatrice Frohlich

Dr. Simeon Zachariah

Dr. Zachariah comes from Batoun, a village on Mt. Lebanon, near Beirut, in He is at present in the fifties and a practising physician in San Francisco. His patients are mostly of the Syrian colony and while he is not as financially well off as a great many Syrians who came to this country, he has an excellent standing in the Syrian colony and is a leader in local Syrian affairs.

In Dr. Zachariah's youth he attended the Maronite schools in his home town, (Maronite means a certain Syriac form of Roman Catholic worship) and also attended American Protestant missions for the study of the English language and kindred studies. In those days Turkey ruled over Syria but the Mt. Lebanon district stubbornly considered itself free of Turkish rule, which independence, however the Turks never fully recognized.

As a young man he enlisted in the Turkish army and he received an excellent military training and became a commissioned officer in their army and fought in the world war. German army officers were brought over from Germany to discipline the troops and to instruct but the Turks were excellent fighters from the beginning. The Turkish army consisted mostly of Mohammedans and they never were overly friendly to Christians who endeavored to enter the service but Dr. Zachariah won them over by his loyalty and fearlessness and won some decorations in the world war.

His parents were landowners in the neighborhood of Batoun but Simeon wanted a life of adventure. When at the end of the world war, Syria was given over to French mandate, he decided to come to America. In Batoun he married a lady who had been educated in one of the missions and who is at present a professor of Arabic culture and language. There are five children of this union and these young people are American in thought and custom, as Simeon and his wife came to America and their children were all born here.

When Simeon arrived in California he took up the study of medicine, taking a course in a San Francisco medical school. He is the only practising physician of Syrian extraction residing here. However as a professional man he has had a bitter road to travel and he underwent many privations to be able to continue his studies in medicine. He believes that if he had remained in Syria he would have been more successful. However he admits that is mere conjecture on his part. He is probably the most looked up to man in the Syrian colony , at present. His say so is considered as the last word wherever Syrians congregate and he and his wife are considered the best educated people in the colony. He is related to Elias Zachariah, the proprietor of the Catholic Art Shop on Sutter Street.

Most Syrians are dark-haired and dark-eyed but the members of the Zachariah family areblue-eyed and either blond-haired or red-haired, possibly some Nordic crusaders from the middle ages left this heritage to the Zachariah blood. As far back as they can figure , they are of entirely Syrian back-ground.

In the harbor of Beirut, Syria
Beirut is the chief commercial city in Syria. It was the scene of fanatical demonstrations in the world war.

Mule caravan accompanied by Turkish armed guard.

Beatrice Frohlich

Michael Antonius

Most of the Syrians living in San Francisco appear to have come here from Beirut and the Lebanon district generally. There are apparently various reasons for this. To begin with as the Syrians stick closely together they naturally follow their relatives and friends wherever they go. Then again Beirut is perhaps the most progressive of the Syrian cities, the city where most Americans and Europeans are to be found and where education is easily obtained. Hence the Beiruti are easily persuaded to wander forth to other lands, particularly to France and America.

Mr. Antonius died in 1935 of paralysis culminating in a stroke. He went through a fortune in these United States rather than having accumulated one here but on account of the prominence of his family in Syria he was considered an outstanding member of the Syrian colony here and his shortcomings were condoned.

His life began under propitious circumstances. He was born in the Lebanon district in a beautiful suburb of Beirut amid most luxurious surroundings as his father was a very wealthy slave trader which calling in those days was an extremely profitable one. He was given every advantage of the wealthy. He enjoyed an excellent education going to school and college in Beirut and became fluent in several languages besides his native Arabic. As a young man he was said to have been very attractive in appearance and culture but when I knew him in his later years he was a huge, bulky individual of uncertain temper. But in spite of all this one could detect a keen mind and a broadness and tolerance of views and the remains of those attractive qualities which played havoc in their day with the fair sex.

He was Greek Catholic by birth but not religious by conviction in fact he rather scoffed at religion generally and he was a most pronounced materialist loving all the good things of the earth. He must have cut quite a dashing figure as a young man. In his later years, having aped the Western ways, he became more or less of a drunkard and for several years before his death in 1935 his fine mind disintegrated rapidly.

When he left the Beirut college he decided to do some travelling and he spent some years in France and Spain adding mostly to his knowledge of how Frenchmen and Spaniards can dissipate. He then proceeded to Germany and ~~then~~ settled down again to some more student years and learnt the German language thoroughly. He accompanied some German scientists to Egypt acting as interpreter and ~~then~~ remained in Cairo entering the army while there. Evidently his German years inspired his interest in military life. His curiosity about life was insatiable. He felt that he must visit America but it was not the economic urge that brought him here as he was always plentifully supplied with money. Upon becoming a citizen of the United States he joined the American army and was sent to the Phillipine Islands. After leaving the army he proceeded to the United States and finally landed in Los Angeles.

Antonius was always pro-German in his inclinations and his German student years called forth pleasant memories. In Los Angeles he married a sensible, thrifty German woman. She was a steadying influence for him and they opened a hotel of no mean proportions and which was a most profitable venture.

When she died he went to pieces and sold the hotel as quickly as he could . He went on to San Francisco and after some time elapsed he remarried. His second wife was an Austrian-German woman. She was a very capable woman, a good manager and an excellent cook. As a matter of fact she was really a chef. But by this time Antonius had only a fraction of his money left and his second wife went through some rather hard times with him. They opened a third-rate lodging house on Kearny Street and he did some small-time bootlegging at the same time not infrequently testing out his own wares to excess. His wife did most of the work of the lodging-house while he acted as genial host and bon-vivant, over-eating of her fine Austrian cooking and becoming more and more addicted to liquor as time went on. Many Germans frequented the place, most of whom had been in military service during the World War,in the German army. One of these men, an ex army officer of the German army and a very arrogant individual he gave free board and lodging for months at a time. His thrifty Austrian wife was constantly complaining about his mode of life-his drinking and liberality to this man and other chisel-ers whom he had become boon companions with but she was compelled to accept conditions or at any rate she accepted them grudgingly. Arguments and quarrels were frequent occurences.

Finally they abandoned the lodging-house in Kearny Street and took a small rooming-house in Washington Street. They had a few roomers and made a scant living. From what I understand they even accepted relief although Antonius would admit no such thing to his countrymen.

From then on Antonius went down-hill rapidly. His spirit was broken. He became increasingly querulous and finally suffered a paralytic stroke which left him partially paralyzed. His wife, though complaining about him, nevertheless was very loyal and administered to him faithfully. For the last two years of his life his time was spent between his home and the hospital. It appears that even his mind was affected and he would make the most impossible assertions and talk almost incoherently at times. He finally died without issue, without leaving anything to his wife in worldly goods. She evidently had saved a bit with her Teutonic care and thrift and she left this country and returned to her native Austria.

As we scan over the life of Antonius it would appear in his case that his contact with Europeans and naturally we mean Americans also when we say Europeans, impaired rather than helped his character. Generally it seems that those Syrians who stay exclusively among themselves remain sober, home-loving and dignified.

Mr. P., a Syrian, was born in 1895. He came to the United States as an immigrant in 1916, and worked as a delivery boy and clerk in a grocery store until the war. He enlisted in the United States army. Mr. P. saved what money he made in the army and upon his discharge started a business of his own, operating a small grocery and fruit market. He was fairly prosperous, according to his former ideas of prosperity. In 1924 he went to Europe to try to bring his sister and mother back. The quota being exhausted he paid their fare to Mexico with the idea of later having them smuggled into the States. He claims something went wrong and he sent them back to Europe in the early part of 1925 where they stayed until 1926 when they made the quota and came on to the United States.

Arrested in 1929 on a charge of moral turpitude, he narrowly missed deportation as the immigration authorities came into the case. He married an American girl in 1930. By this time, he says, he had paid off the mortgage on his store and home as he had raised money on them both at the time of his arrest in 1929. In July of 1932 he was arrested again, this time on the charge of transportation and sale of liquor and contributing to the delinquency of a minor as he had his sixteen year old nephew delivering alco-

hol for him at the time of his arrest. This time he lost his car, delivery truck and home; and also mortgaged his business so heavily that he says he is worrying as to whether he will lose it too. He was placed on five years probation and fined for the last offense and says that he narrowly missed going to the penitentiary.

He has made two different attempts to secure his naturalization papers and claims that due to his record of arrests that he was turned down both times, he bemoans the fact that he did not secure his papers at the time he was in the army as he states that he could have obtained his papers at that time with little or no difficulty. He blames all of his business difficulties on what he calls "tough breaks" and seems to have given up hopes of getting back on his feet again. When the suggestion was made that perhaps his income was somewhat decreased by the passing of the prohibition era he said "no, that was just a side line" but in the conversation a few minutes later he told me that if the prohibition law had stayed in effect and he could have continued in that line another year without being apprehended that he could have retired from any kind of work.

the doctor, when in this stage fine that it is generally too late to rebuild new cells, in fact where there is one spot effected, is also proof that there are millions of cells affected and many dead throught the body, leaving the system in a very low state of health, and not able to rebuild cells. The sooner our manufactures aome to realization of the necessary mineral elements a body requires for a normal health the better it will be for themselves and all concerned.

Medical science claim that there is, so far no cure for cancer, this is true, that is if nothing is done to cure the cancer until it makes its outward appearance, consequently it is too late to build new cells where a group of cells are dead and rotting, what happens then, the blood carries the white corpuscles or congeling matters to the effected part and covers up any of the decay to protect other portions of the flesh or cells. The effected portion then becomes so called a hard substance, being that the blood cannot circulate through these parts it then will in time being to rot and this is known to medical science (cancer). So when cancer becomes visible to that extent, it is then a known fact that the entire system is effected and has many dead cells and is in such low state of health that what live cells there are they are not strong enough to build up again with the best care and foods. But we do not agree that cancer cannot be cured that is if taken care of before it shows up in a visible form, and then only can it be cured not with inorganic substances, but with natural foods that are not devitalized and demineralized, foods that carry natural minerals as they come from nature.

Take for instance our various kinds of animals on this earth, so far we have failed to find that they maintain doctors in their groups and they or most of them live a full life span,

if left alone in their natural environments but just as soon as you begin to hold them in captivity and feed them with blended foods, such as they are now feeding Dairy cows, trouble begins, believe it is safe to say that fifty per cent of our dairy cows become affected with T.B. and have to be discarded. Cows fed on open range find that the T.B. rate is very much lower. The above we mention merely for the purpose of illustrating and to prove that most of our diseases are caused by the use of the large quantities of highly refined, demineralized food product, and this is a direct cause for the increase of T.B. and cancer. These facts are known to some medical science but not admitted.

A.Forth.

Antoinette Jackson

ARABIAN COLONY IN SAN FRANCISCO

"Arabian colony!" one would exclaim incredously. "Why I never heard of such a thing in San Francisco!" Of course not Not one-tenth of the people in this cosmopolitan city have. In truth, there are more queer things in San Francisco than are ever dreamed of in anybody's-except the Tax Collector's - philosophy.

You wouldn't be apt to find it, either (unless you know the Tax Collector), for Telegraph Hill tucks away in her spacious pocket much that is queer, and defies the explorer to unearth it, you must just have faith and hope and be chock-full of charity if you would coax some of her secrets from her. Then, as a reward, she will fling out the merest clew and leave you to hunt the rest for yourself.

The clew to the Arabian colony came to me most unexpectedly one Saturday afternoon, when I rambled, "goat like" up the hill with some friends of mine.

It had been raining, and at one corner of the street, a pond made a fine object of entertainment for two small children

who were splashing around in its muddy water.

Two black-eyed cherubs in a water Garden of Eden! Adam was about 8 and Eve 6. Their hair was black and wavy, unlike the "Naps" who live on their side of the hill, and more remarkable yet, they were shy, a trait never found in the Italian children of that quarter. They took no notice of me, but shouted to each other in a somewhat familiar language as they played.

I stood on the curb and called to them, but they did not answer. They paid no heed as I crossed over to a corner grocery that coquetted opposite, beckoning customers with a fly-specked hand, and purchased some ultramarine and burnt-umber jelly beans from the garlic-steeped shopwoman.

They seemed a bit more interested as I sat down on some stairs in front of them and ostentatiously opened the candy bag. Eve watched me smack my lips and heard me grunt my enjoyment of the vile stuff. Then she poked Adam, and they both watched. Satan did not have to tempt his Eve greatly before she longed for the rosy cheeked apple; neither did I rattle, smack, and grunt many times before Eve conceived a violent desire to share my enjoyment.

I ceased to eat, and held out the bag, calling her to come and sit down beside me. She consulted Adam, but he virtuously refused.

They advanced with crab-like alacrity and sat down beside me, talking together in a musical language that suggested long, dreamless nights and languid days.

They understood me only when I said "Have some more," yet we sat in sticky happiness until the last glucose bond of sympathy passed down Adam's "red land." Then my small friends rose and scampered away with a "thank you."

I crossed over to the grocery. "Who were those children?" I asked the woman.

"Those were the Araba children". she said with the enjoyment of one displaying a neighbor's family skeleton.

"any more here on the Hill?

"I donno, you can ask the man at the Araba store down the street." Her finger pointed, and I followed the direction, landing in the very front of Nesraula Hakim's dry goods, fancy goods, and notion store.

It is a shop where one my buy anything from a suit of clothes to a sandalwood fan.

Mr. Hakim was not at home, but a young man, his brother, with matchless Arabian eyes, both "tended shop" and watched a very dirty boy baby, who sat on the counter and wept.

I talked to the man and the child alternately, the shopkeeper assuring me that he liked San Francisco, and did not care to go back to Arabia, as there is more money to be made here. Also that he is a widower, and that this is his son.

The child said nothing, as he spoke no English and was too busy crying. Another young Arab came from the apartment behind the store and told me in half-and-half English and Arabian, that part of the Arabians in the city live on Second Street and part on Vincent Street, on Telegraph Hill. Second Street, though, is the fashionable part of the colony, and every Arab who is anybody lives there.

The widower, being one of the Vincent Street Arabs, naturally took exception to the influence and remonstrated. An argument ensued, becoming more, and more heated. Sentences flew back and forth like flashes of fire, until I was thankful that an Arabian came into the store.

The child ceased to cry, also becoming more interested in the dispute, and just as blows seemed unavoidable saved the reputation of the shop in a most business-like manner by falling from the counter.

I gathered him up and sat down in a chair that the father placed for me, trying in an American way to hush his Arabic cries.

The widower dismissed the discordant young man, and gazed

at the child and me approvingly.

"My baby looks nice," he said to me. "It is very bad for a child to have no mother."

"Indeed it is," I agreed heartily.

"Are you married?" he asked.

"No".

"My baby likes you".

"Oh, does he?"

"Yes, also I do".

I stood the child on his feet and rose to go, but the widower persisted.

"Do American girls ever marry Arabian men?" he asked pointedly.

"Yes, often," I said". "but it does not seem to agree with the Arabians."

He took no time to reconsider the matter, but opened the door and gravely bowed me out.

I hastened to Second Street and asked a corner grocery man if he knew of any Arabians in his neighborhood. He pointed to a shabby house opposite where a physician's sign flapped in the wind.

"That is the only Syrian - Arab. They're just the same, you know."

The doctor answered the door bell. He is almost a blonde, pleasant and obliging.

He seemed interested in my errand and led me into his study. Never have I seen a room whose surroundings were so suggestive of the medical profession. A huge skeleton stood in one corner, a skull, adorned the mantel shelf, and several unconnected bones littered remaining space.

The walls were hung with calendars picturing post-mortem human frames, and a copy of Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy" held a prominent place. It was not particularly cheerful, but the doctor's manner balanced its depressing influence. He directed me to a shop just around the corner, where one Mohammed sold embroideries, and laces, and told me that he did not care to go back to Arabia as there is more money to be made here. Twice the same sentiment.

Mr. Mohammed was cordiality itself, and pointed to some fruit stands opposite and a candy store next door, all conducted by Arabs. From him I learned that they sell statuary from door to door, plaster Psyches and Dying Gladiators, some peddle fruit and matches; some own fruit stands and candy shops; some are tailors and shoemakers. But the finest variety of Arabs here sell embroidery, laces, and curios, even as he does.

The children go to American schools, but are taken for

Italians, whom they greatly resemble. The first families to settle here were the remaining fragment of the Midwinter Fair. Of course, it is much nicer to live here than in Arabia, for one makes more money here. Money again, always money.

Then, too, the climate is so very nice, and the people and the food. In fact, everything, is just right, here in San Francisco

"Have you been here long"? I asked "In this city"?

"Oh, no, in this one place-in this shop? Eight years," he answered, checking the time off on his fingers. "I am going to move soon. You see, trade is getting bad and, besides, I can't stand the dirty people around here. I am used to finer things, so I want to move to a more fashionable neighborhood. I should like you to come and see my new store".

His cordiality was a charming, so I gladly accepted the invitation.

"Where is this new store to be"? I asked. "On Natoma Street". The pride in his tone was beautiful to her. Fashionable neighborhood! Natoma Street! In truth, there is not so much in being fashionable as in having people think that you are.

Every Arabian that I met expressed a desire to stay here forever and a day, because "there is more money to be made here," so little Arabia will continue to grow until you and every one here will know if it.

I left Second Street with the sensation that the rose-colored motes had been rudely plucked from my eyes, and I had been made to see things as they are even to the destruction of beautiful dreams.

O, Arabia, land of the sheltering palm and the stilly night, of the snowy tent and the desert gold, where latticed pane and languid eyes answer the moonlight serenade! Where, where are thy fair-famed enchantments? Where are thy whispering camels and thy languid peace? "We make more money!" This, then, is the outcome of all thy glory and perfection "We make more money!" Alas, vanished mirage, we commonplace Americans can produce that sentiment ourselves and save the expense of the foreign label.

Persian

San Francisco, Cal. 2/10/25
Statement of Joe L. Rolins.

I was born May 888, in Wonia-
Cossia a village near Wonia Lake
abt. 100 from Fabriz, ancient capital
(c. Shan-Dande.) Village containing
500 inhabitants.

The principal business is
farming, many varieties of trees
& fruits. Climatic condition in
this country, winter cold, & very
hot summer. The valley is
surrounded by high mountains
(heavy) & water through canals or
rivers. Good irrigation system.

My father was a merchant
also in the Real Estate business.
Our home where we lived was
owned by my great-great grandfather
and was built - maybe 200 years.
This home consisted of an inner
one large room about 50x100
and about 35 ft. high built out of
solid stone 3 yards wide.

This one room was used for all purposes. cooking, sleeping, eating, and entertainment.

Our village produced the most prominent men in that territory, my Uncle was arch-bishop over the entire territory, and even the governor had to consult my Uncle before anything be done.

As a boy I helped my father to work on his property during the spring season, I went to private school for 4 yrs, up to the time I was 15 years old, and then came to this country, which was in 1903, and worked at any kind of work I could get no matter what as long as it was honest, in 1907 I came to California and worked as a waiter, in 1916 I went to work for the Western pipe & steel co. where I worked for 8 yr. as a welder, and for 4 yrs I was foreman of that dept.

During the year of 1911-12 I was
a member for the local persian colony,
whose all work pertaining this
colony was to be decided by me.
I left the Western pipe and
coil in 1924 and went in the
Rug business, which I have
in ever since. I was naturalized
and got my citizen paper in 1924
I am a good citizen and live
up to the laws of this country
I am recognized as other country.
the best in the world.

S. T. Dur

submitted by
H.C.Beckwith
Dec.24th1934.

1478

Persian.

Frank was born in Persia; ancient Persia, whose history dates back to the days of Genghis Khan. Shortly after his birth, however, his family took up their abode in Armenia.

With his wife and two children, he started for San Francisco in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-one via the route of India and China thence across the Pacific. One particular reason of his coming here, was on account of his brother, already here, and who felt that Frank could better himself here as he had done.

Fortunate from the time he landed here,in that he obtained employment immediately as a janitor,Frank has worked steadily at the same job ever since. Speaking fluent English and now a citizen, he is now a conscientious American.

Beatrice Frohlich

Henry Harrison, nee Hussein el Haroun

Along the steep, terraced slopes of the mountains of the Yemen interior between Taiz and Yerim, behind Aden, in Arabia are small plantations of the Khat farmer. Khat, "the flower of Paradise," is derived from an Arabic word-"kut," meaning, "reviving principle," which is the quality and most salient property of the plant--that of raising the spirits, and encouraging the bodily strength of those who chew its leaves.

The khat plant is hardy and must have a cool, even temperature removed from the salt air and must be grown in an elevation of 4,000 to 6,000 ft.

Hussein el Haroun first saw the light of day on his father's khat plantation in the district of Makatra. His early years were spent around these plants and as soon as he was able to, he helped his father in their cultivation. The plant bears no seeds, no flowers but is grown from cuttings. After the field was flooded and the water absorbed by the soil, Hussein toddled about helping his father cover it with goat droppings. Later they set out the cuttings in shallow holes, 4 to 6 ft. apart, covered them with earth and protected them by thorn twigs and cactus so that the cows and camels could not nibble at the young plants.

The young shrubs are 2 ft. high at the end of a year and thickly spread and Hussein and his father and possibly a helper or two would go out daily into the field to see the portents of harvest time. And then one morning the air would be thick with bulbuls, sparrows and other birds descending upon the plants. "Allah be praised, the fruit is ripe for market!" said Hussein's father and called his women, children and neighbor's wives to help crop picking. Then he and his cronies would gather to drink Kishar and smoke the hubbuk, while the womenfolk harvested the khat. The first crop was distributed among the neighbors, in the name of Allah and all rejoiced to make sure that Allah's blessings would always go with all

[illegible], or [illegible]:

Along the edges, terraced slopes of the mountains of the Yemen interior between Taiz and Yarim, behind Aden, in Arabia are small plantations of the Kat farmer. Kat, "the flower of Paradise" is derived from an Arabic word-"kat," meaning, "providing strength," which is the quality and most salient property of the plant--that of raising the spirits, and encouraging the bodily strength of those who chew its leaves.

The kat plant is hardy and just here a shrub, even temperatures removed from the sea's air and must be grown in an elevation of 4,000 to 6,000 ft.

Hussein el Hassan first saw the light of day on his father's kat plantation in the district of Mukeiras. His early years were spent among these plants and as soon as he was able to, he helped his father in their cultivation. The plant bears no leaves no flowers but is grown from cuttings. After the field has flooded and the water absorbed by the soil, Hussein and about helping his father cover it with coal ash piles. Later they set out the cuttings in small holes, 4 to 6 ft. apart, covered them with earth and protected them by thorn twigs and cactus so that the cows and camels could not nibble at the young plants.

The young shrubs are 3 ft. high at the end of a year and thickly spread and Hussein and his father and occasionally a helper or two would go out daily into the field to see the protects of harvest time. And then one morning the air would be thick with bullets, sentrees and other birds descending upon the plants. "Allah be praised, the fruit is ripe for harvest!" said Hussein's father and called his women, children and neighbors wives to help cross picking. Then he and his brother would water to drink water and scale the bushes, while the women carried the kat. The kat crop was distributed among the neighbors, in the name of Allah and all rejoiced to make sure that Allah's blessings would always be with all

succeeding crops.

Hussein's early youth was simple, happy and untutored. All he knew was a little of the Koran, taught him by his father and the village Imam. He liked to talk with Abdul, the camel driver whose small caravan brought the khat to the market in Aden, four days distant by camel-back. Abdul brought him news of the world beyond as he knew it and he had many wonderful tales to tell of the market place, the coffee houses, the Mabrazes (corresponding to tagerns in the western world; a private mabraz is practically the same thing as a man's den in the west) Little Hussein was intrigued. He said, "Oh, friend Abdul, will you take me with you to the world of which you speak?"

And so it happened that when Hussein was twelve years old and his father died, he bade his mother farewell and rode with Abdul, the khat carrier out into the world beyond. About 2,500 camel loads of khat reach Aden every year and most of these are of the Moqtari kind which was the variety grown by Hussein's father. Other varieties are mathani, mubarrah, gaashani, mooli, baladi and the most expensive, Bokhari.

In the market place at Aden the multitude collected about 11 O'clock in the morning for the arrival of the khat caravans and the auctioning of the plants for that was the only way the khat was sold, this method running true to form for the Arabic love of bargaining. The tax receipts were handed in by the camel drivers at the gate to the city. They stopped at the inn to refresh themselves after their long journey, with hubbuk, Kishar or curds, while shrewd, little youngsters collected around the camels to thrust appraising glances at their burdens. "What, oh, Kawaji, is the quality of your khat today?" "Has it been spared from desert dust?" "Is it fresh and juicy?" The bazaar merchants pay these urchins to find out the truth about the khat for it is to be auctioned off, every bundle of it and they will know better how to bargain and to bid.

For two years Hussein acted as khat scout for the merchant to whom Abdul took him. He then entered the home of a wealthy customer of the merchant as body-servant and his main duties consisted in dancing attendance upon his master in his private mabraz. He waited faithfully on his master as only oriental servants are wont to do, he marketed for him , he read the Koran with him. Sometimes his patron would take him aside and say, "What think you to do with your life, little one? You donot wish always to be a servant." And he told him of a great country, called America, where his own son was living, and he whetted Hussein's fancy greatly. In the market place of Aden he heard speak of Bagdad, Damascus, Beirut but only vaguely of America. And he wondered more and more. And so one day he said "By the will of Allah, oh Master, I must go into the world,once more searching for more of life than there is here in Aden. Allah has placed that craving in my heart." And his master said, "Go, my lad and peace be with you." And he presented him with coins, which he added to those he had thriftily saved against this day.

So at sixteen, Hussein again set forth to face his fate. It brought him next to Damascus and then to Mecca where all good Mohammedans go once in their ligetime if at all possible. When Hussein left Aden he joined a caraven going to Damascus. There he found employment with a rug merchant who was not kind to him as his previous masters had been but he worked hard and kept his coin always adding to his former store of wealth. For about a year he lived in Damascus but he was more than ever anxious to go elsewhere, always keeping America, that strange land in the back of his mind, Sometime, he knew he would get there. One day in wandering through the city, he saw an old Arab sheik who strangely intrigued him. He was a tall, handsome man about 60 years old, dressed in the garb of the desert and his eye was keen and piercing. He trailed around the city after this shiek who had come from a long distance and was buying much produce and wares.

For two years Hussein acted as kind scout for the merchant to whom Abdul took him. He then entered the home of a wealthy customer of the merchant as house-se vant and his main duties consisted in faithful attendance upon his master in his private matters. He waited faithfully on his master as only old retail servants are wont to do. He worshipped for him , he read the Koran with him. Sometimes his patron would take him aside and say, "What think you to do with your life, little one? You cannot wish always to be a servant." And he told him of a great country, called America, where his own son was living, and he wrestled Hussein's fancy greatly. In the market place of Aden he heard scant of Benjed, Damascus, Paris but only vaguely of America. And he wondered more and more. And on one day he said "By the will of Allah, oh Master, I must go into the world, there more searching for more of life than there is here in Aden. Allah has placed that yearning in my heart." And his master said, "Go, my lad and peace be with you." And he presented him with coins, which he added to those he had faithfully saved against this day.

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The shiek finally noticing the lad who was following him about all day asked him, "Why do you follow my shadow, young one?" And Hussein said "I know you have come from a far country and you are buying much as if for a long journey, do you contemplate perhaps going to America?" The shiek told him that he knew little about America but he invited him to join his caravan. Gladly Hussein accepted and so it came about that Hussein became as the shiek's son. He was going to Mecca, with slaves from Africa for the Mecca slave market and to make the pilgrimage for the good of his soul. Mecca, to worship at the shrine of the Prophet, what good fortune for Hussein!

After Mecca, Hussein lived two years in the tents of the Bedouins. His friend the Shiek was as a father to him. Sometimes the days were difficult on the desert, so little to drink and not too much to eat for weeks at a time. There was warfare with hostile tribes, he saw Ibrahim, the Shiek's son cut open by a sabre. There were raids on negro kraals or villages to capture slaves, which the caravan traded in at various slave markets! But there were beautiful nights on the desert around the campfire and there was a wonderful affection which grew up between the Shiek and Hussein. And finally one day they arrived at a seaport town and the Shiek called Hussein to him and he said, "My son, you are young and I am very anxious that you make the most of your life." I have been hearing much lately of that land they call America, they say it is the land of youth. You must go there for I know that is what is in your heart. Never did this fine old man forget Hussein's wish to go there. He loved him, he knew it would be "Goodbye" forever and yet he bade him go. He bought him passage on a boat to America and so Hussein set sail for the land of which he had thought so much.

In New York followed years of struggle and privation. He studied diligently for his book education had been sadly wanting. But his life in the past had fortified his character. He went to that hagen of refuge for all ambitious foreignors in this great melting pot-the night school- and he worked

The sheik friendly noticing the lad who was following him about all day asked him, "Why do you follow my shadow, young one?" And Hussein said "I know you have come from a far country and you are longing much as if for a long journey. Do you contemplate perhaps going to America?" The sheik told him that he knew little about America but he invited him to join his caravan. Gladly Hussein accepted and so it came about that Hussein became as the sheik's son. He was going to Mecca, with slaves from Africa for the Mecca slave market and to make the pilgrimage for the good of his soul. Mecca, to worship at the shrine of the Prophet, what good fortune for Hussein!

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at odd jobs in the daytime, sometimes selling, repairing oriental rugs and the like. And in this manner he finally obtained a good position in the fine rug department of a large department.store in New York. When the occasion arose he was sent back to the old country as buyer for the concern and then at last while barely thirty he opened his own rug business. Times were good and his business prospered and he opened branches in various cities. And so he came to San Francisco and while at first he had only come on business he remained to make it his home. He married an American woman and his children are college bred and quite western in their ways and thoughts. As time went on he took up other investments, bought real estate, sold farms and ranches to people of his blood and branched out in other ways. He is now approximately 80 years of age but hale and hearty and looks no more than seventy at the most. His mind is active and most of his associates are Americans. Many people donot know of his extraction. Not that he is ashamed of it but he feels that they cannot possibly understand what his life had been in the distant past. He has always thought tenderly of the fatherly Sheik who made it possible for him to come to America. But he took the religion of his wife here in America and became thoroughly Americanized. Frequently one would see him sunning himself in Union Square opposite the Plaza Hotel which up to last year has been his home since his wife died and his children married. But seeing this mild, kindly old man, well-dressed, with all the earmarks of a successful American business man who would ever think that Mr. Henry Harrison had the colorful past of Hussein el Haroun, (the name of his childhood and early youth) At present he is on a tour around the world. He is making one last effort to revive the memories of his childhood and we hope that he is content with his success and has no regrets.

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Henry Harrison
nee
Hussein el Haroun

OUTLINE MAP OF ARABIA

"Khat, sweet as a maiden's breath, what am I bid?"

Market place before the Khat camels have arrived.

Boy attendants of a wealthy patron

Khat caravan on its way from the plantations to town

Khat carrier of Yemen

Mohammedan graveyard

Syrian Mahmal on its way to Mecca
Mahmal is an annual present of tapestries, gold species and other gifts.

Young Bedouin

Oasis, Allah's gift to the desert-dweller

Pilgrims from all over the Moslem world before Holy of Holies--Mecca

The climax of Arab contentment in a private Mabraz

Pilgrims encamped outside Mecca. They wear a special garb.

This patriarch is a Sheik

Preparing couscous, Arab version of Irish stew chief dish of the desert.

Working in rugs.

Women peasants working the harvest

Desert campfire

Born in Aden - ~~Ar~~ Arabia - came to America when I was 18 years old - I was peddling since 12 years old in ~~Arab~~ Arabia - had a cousin in Stockton California - who was a peddler of linens and rugs - he had written to me that he had earned enough to start a small store and that if I could come over - he wanted with it - and I could be of great help to him - well I did not have enough money to come over and he sent me the balance I needed - when I arrived here - went to work in his Stockton store. he sure had a hard struggle - for awhile but after a few years it went better - but it truly was a scant living we lived behind the store did our own cooking - and housekeeping - after about 5 years - things went very well and - ~~he~~ had a chance to buy - a store here in San Francisco and he bought it - we did very well here - and ten years ago - my cousin went back to Arabia for a visit

(me)

to his old home and to buy some merchandise - became ill on the trip and soon after he returned - passed away - well he had bought quite a lot of goods - the goods hegan't arrive - and from up all the cash money - that was left and the goods did not move as fast as had been expected - in fact got so bad - that could hardly pay the rent - so finally told my troubles to my landlord - and he was worried for fear he would have the store on his hands empty - and there was still some money due the wholesale merchants in this town so we all got together - and the wholesale merchants and landlord decided - to see me through - as to credit etc - after two years - got out of the red

and - business was getting so good the wholesalers - and landlord - decided to see me thru - naturally - the store would be occupied and the wholesalers would have an outlet - this is how I came to own this store - the first five years have been a struggle - but in the preceding five years made enough - to tide me over - I look to better business soon - it has been a little better the past two years

Jules E Mannheim

SYRIAN

Michael, nick name Mickey, was born in 1884 near Cedars of Lebanon, Deir-El-Komar, a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants.

The memory of Mickey's life began at the age of five years, when he was still nursing at his mother's breast. He began to realize that he was a young man; grew ashamed to think that a young man of his age and leader of his playmates, should continue at his mother's breast. He immediately discontinued his nursery. In later years he began to realize that this good old fashioned nursing is what made him strong, healthy and vigorous and placed him in the leadership of his playmates or gang, also being the only child, he received advantages that some of his playmates did not get.

Toys were practically unknown to Mickey or other children in that neighborhood, their amusements consisted chiefly of games requiring native ingenuity and physical exercise. At the age of seven, his pet goat, Humpey, was one of his greatest amusements. Mickey trained the goat when very young to use its instinct, or goat habit of defense, to bump with his

head. This was a daily amusement for Mickey and his playmates; however, after Rumpey grew up, this kind of sport did not appeal to the youngsters so much, because Rumpey was on the alert at all times for someone to stoop or play in a certain manner. Rumpey, frequently upset some of the youngsters playing by his swift action and bumping. The rough sport of Rumpey caused him to land in the pasture with the flock of goats.

After losing Rumpey as a playmate, a swimming club was organized, Mickey being the organizer. The swimming pool being quite a distance from the house, a definiate time was set to go swimming each day. This created considerable enthusiasm and a lot of fun for himself and playmates and each morning Mickey would wait patiently for the afternoon hour to arrive, for the playmates to gather, and leave for the swimming pool. This was the happiest hour of the day.

The age of nine shall not be forgotten because of the lesson that he learned from his playmates. The custom was that the first Thursday in February be set aside as a holiday, or considered so, for everyone to drink hard drinks (Anisette). Mickey and his

playmates early on Thursday morning prepared their food and provisions. A goat skin filled with wine, they started out for the near by forest of Cedars to a cave and a well. The cave was a natural erosion of Nature, and the well, a spring known for centuries. The cave was deep enough to accomodate fifty people. A hard effort of forest climbing brought them to the cave to eat and drink wine mixed with snow; efforts were made to give proper and appropriate speeches in the pirates cave. After a few hours of amusement they consumed all of their eats and drinks.

They started their journey homeward so as to reach home by six in the evening, as instructed by Mickey's mother. Mickey as their leader, naturally felt that he had to take the lead in drinking wines. On the journey homeward he found that things were not as well as should be; however, they managed to reach home in time for a delicious dinner. The dinner consisted chiefly of Okra stew. Everyone enjoyed the dinner but Mickey; however, Mickey was happy to see his playmates enjoy the dinner. After the playmates left and returned to their homes, Mickey said to his mother, "I did not feel like eating but was happy

to see the boys enjoy their dinner." The mother said that happiness comes from making others happy. Misery comes from making others miserable.

Mickey was very much impressed with the social customs that prevailed in that part of the country. No family, except on rare occasions, would spend their evenings alone, if some neighbors did not call before a certain hour, they would go out and call on some neighbors that were at home. To spend the evening, occasionally the elders would call at a home and visit where Mickey did not find any playmated; this spoiled the evening for him. Especially prepared or good cooked meals were not eaten without someone being invited to participate in eating them, and many times Mickey's friends were the lucky ones to be invited.

After the age of nine Mickey was allowed to carry the prepared dough to the public bake ovens where the bread was baked. The ovens were constructed of marble on one side, wood on the other. twenty one by fifteen feet in size. The bread texture was different than that in any other country, and is known

as "salt rising" bread. The public bakers baked the bread on a percentage basis. Mickey would patiently wait to take the bread home for which he would receive several fresh slices.

The house Mickey lived in was five hundred years old and is still standing there today. Built of stone, very comfortable and cozy. In the cold, snowy, winter days, Mickey would love to build up a big fire in the fire place with charcoal, then lie down in front and dream of his future. From the age of seven, most of his evenings were spent with the community story teller, the admission being three cents which included a cup of coffee. Stories of all descriptions were told and read by this man. Music also played a big part in the young mans life.

Because Mickey was the only child and his parents were quite well to do financially, he received many things, and added pleasure that average younsters did not get. His father bought him a cat that seemed almost human. The cat understood most anything that he was told, that is, pertaining to his daily life and duty, as well as play. Mickey thought that there was no other cat in the world that could equal him,

although he was not a pet for outdeor sport, but furnished amusement in and about the house in conjunction with his two birds.

The cat would never touch or eat anything without first being given permission. When there was anything about the house that appealed to his smelling taste, he would either stand or lie down close by and remain until he was either given a part of the article to eat, or told to get away, that the same was not for him.

One day the lady of the house placed some meat in the air cooler but left the door open. A neighbor cat happened around where the cooler was so the cat of the house immediately picked up the piece of beef steak carried same in the kitchen and placed it on the lap of Mickey's mother. Noticing the strange cat, they immediately set about to make a thorough test to see if their loving pet cat really had the intelligence as appeared. They found recurenced under similar instances later. This became a talked of cat in the neighborhood, Mickey being the proud pal.

As to his two birds; on was a Goldn Orial, the size of a canary whos singing was of a very sweet

rolling tone. The other, bulbul, black feathered with yellow spots, the size of a quail bob tail. This Bulbul learned to talk and sing very quickly and understand the language. Always at the beck and call of the lady of the house, he would come and go at a command. Hasson, the canary, and Bulbul; while one is singing ceerfully, the other is jumping from shoulder to shoulder talking. The guests of the house squatted on a Damascus made mat under a jasamine tree, very fragrant when flowering. Clear air, bright moon-lit nights with a breeze flowing over the trees occasionally caused a flower to fall, giving considerable amusement. A game was played; the one that was blessed with the greatest number of flowers to fall on them would be considered, either the queen or king for the evening. This afforded a very beautiful and enjoyable pastime, particularly for Mickey, his sweetheart, and playmates. In fact, this amusement very popular in the season when the flowers were falling.

There were a number of trees yielding various fruits uncommon to us but delicasees of the east, grown in Mickey's garden. There were what is known

as Zaghrauer, a little round red fruit like cranberries; the Hamblass, a round green fruit; Annab date, which all were very delicious, but the finest and best of all, that Mickey loved so well, was the Mausey Fig. The fig tree was claimed to be several hundred years old, the fruit ripened very late in the fall after the snow began to fly, or rather after November the first. This fig, when ripe, would be filled with juice, syrup like, and when real ripe the juice would begin to drip out at the bottom , or the flowering end. Each year Mickey would wait patiently for the fruit to ripen, sometimes he could not control his patience and would pick some of the fruit before it was thoroughly ripe. It was not so good but he felt that he had to eat it just the same, resulting in a stomach ache, and in addition, a scolding from his mother. The tree was very large and produced an abundance of fruit each year, in fact, so much that they could not use it themselves; their friends, fortunately, shared in a large portion of the crpp.

One thing Mickey will never forget, was the sport that he and his pal used to have in guarding the trees in the evening s during the time the fruit

was ripening. There were a few boys in that neighborhood that were of the opinion that stolen fruit was the sweetest and tasted the best; and that still remains a truism. They used to sneak around in the dark, climb up the tree and eat all the fruit they wanted. With a few extra in their pockets, they would quietly come off the tree, then make their getaway. Mickey got wise to them. He, his pal, and several other boys set out guards, surrounded the tree, stationed at certain distant locations. Nothing happened the first two nights, the third night the little thieves made their appearance, single file in a very quiet manner. Arriving at the tree they climbed it, and proceeded to satisfy their appetites. About that time, with the guardsman singnal, they closed in and captured the thiefs perched on limbs in the tree eating figs. The question then arose, what to do with them? There were only three in the group and six in the group guarding the tree. It was decided that they would have to receive some punishment, and agreed that the boys would have to come down, one by one, each receiving three good licks with a flexible limb

of a tree. One of the boys would bend them over his knee, the other administer the penalty as prescribed, the other four would stand guard. After puting the tree theives through the degree, they were given a few seconds start on a run, and were told if they were caught by them again before reaching home they would get three more switches.

This news spread to all the youngsters in the neighborhood and no more guards were necessary. Mickey, returning to the house ratherllate, of course, he had to tell his mother of the wonderful capture they made and the punishment inflicted upon the thieves. His mother agreed that the boys did not do right. Mickey then recalled the instance of day when he had hid friends to dinner; the day his mother told him happiness comes from making others happy, and misery likewise. He then told his mother that he believed he did not do right to those boys and why. The next day, Mickey set out to find the boys and invite them over to have a fig eating party, not only the tree thieves were invited, but also the five that helped Mickey in the capture. They all had a jolly good time. In later years Mickey found the little tricks had a very good effect on all the boys including himself and

realized that the few words spoken by his mother, at the proper time, accomplished much with Mickey, and indirectly with many other boys, through Mickey.

Mickey was beginning to realize that a good deed will always return, but later found that he became almost too generous and popular in life, not realizing that he should somewhat choose his companion.

He found himself and associated in a deplorable condition by use of intoxicating liquor, and did not realize that the effect would or m y result in a bad habit, finally discovered that he grew very fond of strong liquor. Instead of stopping the indulgence, h e dicided that he would limit himself and that will answer the future question, but later in years he realized and wished many times that he had stopped drinking the strong drinks at the time when he began to realize the effect, he would be far better off today. He is now suffering from the effects, and realizes that the liquor and indulgence, from the time he was a youngster, to thisday, had caused him little fortune, many unhappy days, and finally resulted in a complete breakdown. (This will be explained in a later issue).

At the age of eleven his mother died, leaving Mickey and his father in great sorrow. For several months Mickey would not go out and play with his pals as he used to, but would stay at home or accompany his father in his daily duties. This finally grew burdensome and he decided that he would rather stay at home and play with his playmates.

At this time Mickey grew concious of the beauty that surrounded and existed in the house he lived in and in which he had been born. Memories of his mothe r returned to him, one by one, and he, trying to do, and doing, some things that his mother told him, came to realize that "Happiness comes from making othes happy." He would go around the house and admire the things his mother had arranged. Mickey later found that a home without a mother was not so good, no matter how good and kind his father was. One day, feeling blue, Mickey asked his father if he would get another nice mother for him, and sure enough a stepmother arrived with a daughter two years younger than himself. They both were very nice, a real mother, and areal girl playmate. In a very short time things again appeared like home.

Mickey was given every advantage possible, and so decided to first get a good education. His parents were willing to give him this and he finally entered what was known as the American College, founded in 1864, by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, taking up Turkish, Arabic, English and French. This is now called the American University and covers seventy five acres. This course cost him one hundred and thirty pounds a year for tuition and board.

He found himself very successful in his studies, and wrote articles for newspapers that surprised the publisher as well as himself, as he was burning with love and ambition; this was at the age of seventeen.

At that age, Mickey became an ardent reader of Arabian Knights, and was eager for adventure. A horse, gun, and women were the height of his ambition. A horse to carry him; a gun to protect him; a woman to love him. This is what forced Mickey to forge ahead and prove himself a real man. He had an Arabian horse which was exceptionally well trained, and he became an exceptionally good horseman while attending college. His father also had a horse; both these horses were trained for fighting. Several other young

men in the neighborhood had horses that were trained. They would occasionally stage a war manouver. His father being exceptionally well posted in this line of sport, generally walked away with the honors, with the exception of two occasions, when Mickey and his pals planned a warrier or manouver contest. This was planned in a manner that Mickey's father did not see in time. The plot that was worked out by the boys, was to trap him. In the end the elder acknowledged his defeat, and this proved a great day for Mickey. He was proud of his victory, and a hero in the eyes of his sweetheart and palls. This brought a great confidence in his young life, growing greater with ambition and adventure.

At the age of eighteen, while attending the University, competing with his fellow students, he studied very hard, averaging twelve hours a day at his studies. Not being accustomed to hard work, life became somewhat of a drudgery, sacrificing many hours of pleasure that some other fellow students took advantage of ; not that he couldn't afford it, as he had a sufficient allowance, but felt that he wanted to master his assigned studies and rank amongst the highest in the class, and so he did. However, in later months the long hours and hard studies

became a drudgery. Having successfully mastered several years of University studies, and being able to speak four languages, he felt himself well equipped to shift for himself.

Mickey asked his father for his approval of his adventure; this was granted. Realizing that the boy was burning with ambition, he gave him fifteen hundred dollars as a start for him in a business venture. His father being a young man once upon a time himself, realized fully the feeling and desires of a young man of that age. Mickey immediately informed the principal of his school that he was about to leave the College to set out to make a mark for himself. Realizing that he was fairly well equipped with knowledge of the business world, together with his education, he felt that he was well able to master any problems that may confornt him, which, however, did not always prove out fully as he anticipated, but did not encounter any serious difficulties. Obsticals that developed during his travels were merely a step to greater knowledge, realizing this, he was prepared and sometimes felt that the more problems that confronted him, the greater and more powerful he would be some day. But Mickey found that his experiences

proved to closely coincide with the information and advice that his father gave him from time to time.

Mickey decided he would go to South Africa and start some kind of a business. The two weeks of preparation shall never be forgotten. Some farewell receptions were given in his honor. In these receptions he received advice of all descriptions. In fact, so much that he was finally compelled to forget all of them and follow his own conscience dictations.

Mickey set out for South Africa. Arriving at Marseilles he met a countryman, wo persuaded him to come to the United States with him. Needless to say, it did not take much persuasion to change his mind. They were off for, what was known to them, the good old United States. On the steamer sailing for the United States, Mickey met a very fine gentleman, an American, who became very friendly. This man had a wide business experience and from him, he learned and received much good advice regarding the methods of doing business in the United States.

He arrived at New York with approximately a thousand dollars, filled with courage and ambition. But there was always something lingering in his mind, largely thoughts of the girl that he had left behind, and the good father that provided so well for him.

Nearly every night after retiring he would spend at least a few minutes in meditation of the ones that he had left behind; the good old home where he was born and raised and the many other things that he had to leave behind.

Shortly after, his father sold his home and moved to Egypt. About the same time, the girl that he loved decided to come to the United States, arriving at Cairo, Egypt, she met a man and was married. All these happenings, the old home sold, the girl that he loved married, changed many of the plans that he had in mind for the future. In fact, he grew very much disgusted, and never made friends with girls for ten years. He left for Virginia to visit a countryman, then to Lafayette where he started a saloon, which proved a success. Having the roaming fever, he sold his business and left for Beaumont, Texas; where he joined the army and fought in the World War.

On the return to private life form the army, not having any particular ability or trade to go to, he went from place to place in search of some work. Common ordinary trades of labor never appealed to him. He traveled down the entire coast and studied conditions, and looked for opportunity to enter into some business.

Not having much money, he found that the business that he wanted required more capital than what he had. Finally, he found that it was necessary for him to buckle down to one thing or another on account his finances running low. He landed in Los Angeles, where he met some of his countrymen who were in the merchandising business, dealing principally in imported wearing apparel. He decided that that would be a good line to sell.

Not having any training in salesmanship, he spent a little on coaching, then started out with a certain number of samples, such as pajamas, underwear, robes and articles of that nature. Many of the articles were American made, except that they were copied from oriental designs; however, all was of first class material and workmanship. They all sold for a very high price, some of the articles netted him one hundred percent profit. Because that Mickey is a typical Syrian gentleman, with a good personality, he believing that he could sell the merchandise principally on account of his knowledge of the materials as they are made in the old country. After more or less study and rehearsing his sales program and manner

of presentation, he felt that he was qualified to attempt his new business venture, he left Los Angeles for Pasadena as advised by his firm, with some leads.

The first day was one of preliminary work for appointments. The second day, however, he received an order for a forty dollar bath robe, with leads to others, some of which were very valuable customers later on. His first call proved fruitless due to the fact that his introduction was not from the proper source. He found out the reason why he was not recognized, and immediately set out to get a start from the proper channel of introduction.

First he called on the secretary of a wealthy gentleman that he wanted to see. The secretary was interested in the garments and made an appointment for Mickey to call at his home on a certain time and day when his wife would be there. Not only samples were displayed before them but many very attractive garments were brought over from Los Angeles; garments that would interest them. The garments all were marked up to a very high price; however, for an introductory offer they would reduce the prices twenty five percent, with the understanding that the lady

would make special efforts to display the garments that she purchased at a party or tea given at the home of the wealthy gentleman.

A few days later Mickey received a call from the lady of the house. The firm immediately made a special selection of garments, and what not, which were delivered in proper carrying cases at her mansion, shortly after Mickey called. The delivery of the parcels were made by an especially fine delivery car. After the display of the articles it was learned that there was a certain garment that the lady wanted; a telephone call was put through and the garments arrived within a short time, this was a very profitable day for Mickey, leaving there with approximately a four hundred dollar sale. The original sale was approximately five hundred dollars, the balance of one hundred dollars was made account a reduction in prices on other articles that were not so much in demand. Oh what a day. A months wages in one day for Mickey. This was not all, he also was given a card of introduction to a friend of this wealthy man Mickey realizing the fact that the friend being in the merchandising business, he could not get by with the absorbenant prices, so he decided that he would try to sell him

goods for his store for retail purpose. This idea worked out very nicely, but with a smaller margin of profit, but a good business, principally on account the sale to the wealthy party.

In a few months time, Mickey found it more difficult for his importer to secure the class of merchandise, principally on account the war conditions. Growing worse as time went on, finally it became necessary to look for an other line or livelihood. However, in the eight months or so made a very hadsome profit, and had enough money saved up to enter into some business that coul be carried on with less than ten thousand.

Trying one thing and another, finally came to San Francisco to lease one of the highest class apartment houses. At first business was good with ful l house, serving old country style dishes which were very popular. However, as time drifted on, and the so called depression became more noticeable, the guests began to complain that they could not make ends meet, some leaving for cheaper quarters, others remaining but were not able to meet their bills. The house carried them month after month with small payments,

until it finally got so that the house could not meet their obligations and finally was forced to give it up. The struggle and worries over, finances brought about sickness and distress.

Mickey was a very powerful man, physically as well as mentally, until later years. He knows not the power of his success, in fact, most all Syrians are very powerful, and they are great people to venture. Many leave their native country, for a while, to seek a fortune, and a big majority do make it. They, in many cases, return home to their people to display their. success. Many enter business, others lobby around, critisize, dissaprove, and even critisize their government, some even defy their government, in which case, the man generally finds himself in the military service, and those that enter business in most cases, become dissatisfied and want to get away. In nearly every case they realize very little out of the property that they paid a handsome price for; they leave for other parts to make another fortune, and most of them return to the United States where they made their first, so-called, fortune, be it large or small.

Beatrice Frohlich

The Naify Brothers

There are five Naify brothers the eldest of whom is about fifty years old and the youngest about thirty. They are extremely wealthy people and own and operate the New Castro, New Fillmore, New Mission and Alameda Movie houses as well as others in California.

They were born in a country village near Damascus. That is a type of oasis country as it borders on a great desert but is well watered by beautiful rivers. The soil is hence unusually fruitful and there are marvellous orchards and a great variety of flora. This section is a carpet of flowers most of the time. Scarlet poppies, crimson anemones, blue cornflowers, yellow marigolds, white narcissus(said to be the rose of Sharon of Bible fame) While the Crusaders brought many fruits and seeds and flowers back to Europe with them , they also brought European flora to the Orient with them.

The Naify family were of the real Syrian Fellaheen (peasants). They owned their little land and cultivated it. Of course the agriculture was as leisurely as it was primitive and probably is much the same even today. They sit while reaping and thresh by standing upon boards studded by flints which open draw over the threshing floors. Their ploughs are but iron-shod sticks which scratch the surface of the field. But their special concern and interest was the cultivation of the apricot. The apricot of this region is luscious, of an overwhelming sweetness, large as an apple but very delicate. ~~They~~ It is ~~are~~ not to be found in any other part of the world. Attempts have been made to acclimatize it to other countries but these attempts have aborted.

The father died when the boys were all very young and the mother carried on with the help of her children. They had no opportunity for education, isolated as they were on their little property near the tiny and very primitive village. In this region a mixed group of people resided--Negroes, Circassians, Arabs, Turks, Jews and Druse. For thousands of years the flow of human life through Syria has been continous and naturally it has left its mark.

The names of the Naify brothers in the order of their precedence are Sergius, Ezekial, Mihail, Jamil, Jorge. Their farm rendered them a very modest living and naturally no future of prosperity for if it would have to be divided between five and they would have families of their own it is very evident that it could not support them with any degree of comfort. So when the two oldest became of age their objective was the United States. They got enough money together for passage to America the cheapest way possible.

But although very poor the mother considered herself wealthy because she had five sons. From the days of the bible to the present day, barreness has been looked upon as a sign of divine disfavor, a calamity. "Give me children or else I die." Rachel's cry in the bible does not exaggerate the distress of a childless Syrian wife. In contrast to American reticence in such matters is the fact that at the marriage feast the main wish for bridegroom and bride is thus expressed, "May you be happy, live long and have many children," and shortly after the wedding the friends of the young couple begin asking them about prospects for an heir. A prospective mother does not attempt to disguise the signs of the approaching event. In fact she is proud of the fact. In Eastern peoples, especially Semites, reproduction of life is sacred. Reproduction is looked upon with rejoicing. And reproduction of the male is looked upon as even more joyous than the female.

The Oriental cannot understand the extreme reserve maintained by the Anglo-Saxon in these matters. To him reproduction is sublime and he cannot see why one should be ashamed to speak anywhere of the fruits of wedlock--of a woman with child.

According to general Syrian custom, in earliest infancy a babe is not clothed but swaddled. Upon birth the infant is bathed then rubbed gently with salt pulverized in a stone mortar especially for the occasion(in Syria coarse chopped salt is generally use for household purposes. The babe is then sprinkled with rehan(a powder made of dried myrtle leaves) and then swaddled.

The swaddle is a piece of cloth about one yard square to which is attached a long narrow band. The infant is wrapped in the swaddle giving it the appearance of

an Egyptian mummy. The older Syrian's child's intense joy is to carry about its younger swaddled baby brother or sister. So in this family of five boys the swaddled baby brothers were tended to and carried about by their older brothers. This custom of older child caring for younger brings about a closeness of relationship, a love that is real and abiding. The boys were fast friends as they grew up together and all five completely devoted to mother as well as to each other. In describing such Oriental customs it might be well to show that in certain sections in Syria to say to a person that he was not "salted " at birth is to invite trouble. That is a pronounced insult. Only a "benduq" (bastard) is so neglected.

The Naify family was also extremely religious. They belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church. The presentation of a child at the Church is one of most tender and impressive services of the Greek Orthodox Church. On the first Sabbath day after forty days from birth the mother carries the infant to the door of the church during mass where the priest meets the mother and receives the child in his arms.

After certain rites have been performed and prayers said over the child in the church, the priest then delivers the child back to its mother. The rites are simpler and shorter for the female than for the male child.

The gay clothing of the east is proverbial. Even poorest peasants are resplendent in colorful raiment. When Sergius and Ezekial Naify arrived in New York, the apparent irreligiousness of the life in the new world appalled them. The new world seemed cold and colorless and they were greenhorns of the most ignorant kind. But they possessed that outstanding quality of the Syrian- adherence to their family-- and they wanted to make good to help their dear ones in Syria. They suffered frightfully from homesickness but they had a grim determination to succeed and they set about to conquer the ache in their hearts.

They worked among their countrymen in New York, doing any job that would come their way and learnt the grocery business until they finally opened a grocery store of their own.

They lived with the utmost frugality, industry and thriftiness and their grocery business thrived. They saw the dreadful drawback that lack of education meant in the modern world and they determined that their younger brothers should not suffer for lack of it as they had. So they sent money to them to further their education and the three younger boys--Mihail-Jamil--Jorge-- were sent to Beyrouth to be educated, even attending the Beyrouth College from where they graduated and when the time was ripe they sent for them to come to America bringing their mother with them.

Sergius and Ezekiel the older ones lacked formal education, not even being able to read or write their own language while Mihail, Jamil and Jorge were extremely well educated. However that made no difference in their love and respect for one another, the older ones rejoicing in the knowledge of the younger, the younger ones looking up to and respecting the older ones as is the time-honored custom among Semitic peoples--

About this time movies became an ever-increasing fad with the American public. The brothers took counsel and believed that herein lay prosperity. They had disposed finally of their ancestral property and they now disposed of their grocery business and about that time the "Go West, young man" spirit was permeating the country. They came to San Francisco and cautiously opening one movie house, they saw their idea materialize beyond their wildest dreams. It was tremendously successful and so they opened one after another until at the present time, they own a string of theatres, some of which I have already mentioned.

They are not a little bit proud of their reputation. The Syrians have a great pride in themselves. When the Syrian Arch Bishop, the Most Reverend Bashir came here from Syria some time ago, President Roosevelt invited him to visit with him in the White House. ~~It is said that it was one of the longest visits the President ever~~ ~~maduxwith~~ The president was so interested in the ~~their~~ talk he had with him that he encouraged him to remain much longer than he usually requests a visitor to

remain with him. The president told him that he felt that the Syrians were among the best citizens of the United States. They never got into trouble or crimes and their record is outstanding. He considers them among his best friends.

Bernard Schoenitz
Pincus M. Hungarian 63 yrs

Mr Pincus M. came from Budapest Hungary in 1872. There were two other children in the family besides Pincus. He ended the 8th at Pincus went to school until the age of fourteen. His father was a blacksmith but there wasn't work for both so he went to work for another blacksmith. There he worked for four years but the work was hard and the salary small. In an argument Pincus punched up a horseshoe and struck his employer in the head. He became frightened and he ran away and joined the Hungarian army. Then he stayed until he served his time in the army. In the meantime he learned that the blow that he struck the blacksmith with was just a scalp wound and he was

II very happy. He then moved to Pittsburgh where he married his childhood sweetheart Mary. He contributed to work as a blacksmith for one year longer. At this time he sent and himself were living with her people by a farm. The wife now had to settle down and Pincus became dissatisfied with the little money he was making and wanted to better himself. He gathered together his little home and he sold as much as he could spare and left for America alone. He promised his wife that he would send for her and his son as soon as he found work. He arrived in New York in 1897. Pincus was then twenty four years old. He found work at once as a blacksmith. He could play the accordion

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very well and with a band who played the violin. He was very much in demand at Hungarian dances, weddings and festivals. He made quite a lot of money but at the time did not send for his wife. He met a Hungarian servant girl at one of these festivals and went live with her. She became the mother of two of his children. One of the children was born deaf but the other was in good health. Pericue heard of this girl and left her. He then sent for his wife and son. They arrived in New York in 1911. She heard about his former mistress and this made her very unhappy. At this time another son was born. Pericue worked making enough money to support his little family and his wife went to work as a servant. She

5 got his citizenship papers but in 1913 his wife passed away and the children were put in the San Francisco Jewish Orphanage. Pincus's wife left an insurance policy of five hundred dollars. In less than a year he married again. A year later his wife had twins. At his marriage he had to take his children from the orphanage. The child that was born when his wife was sick was sent to the Feeble-minded home in Elsinore California. Later he became the father of three more children. His eldest son from his former wife was now eighteen years old. He ran away married Pincus's sister-in law who was only fifteen years old. Pincus contended to peddle junk but his wife and himself did not get along very well. He missed his first wife and was very sorry that he did not take better care of her.

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was a delicate woman and could not do this hard work. She became ill and the doctors told her she had the beginning of tuberculosis. He advised her to go to the Presidio and stay there for a year and she would be completely cured. She stayed in the hospital for four months then became homesick for her family and came home. She became very ill and her sister in San Francisco sent tickets and money for the family to come to her. In 1905 they moved but her health for a time seemed to be better and she became the mother of a daughter. This child seemed alright at the time but hereditary was never more than a three year old child. Pinard was buying junk and made a good living at the same in 1910 he had

6/ He peddled junk but then he
a stroke and could not work.
The charities took care of Barnes
and his family but he could
not work any longer. The children
are grown up now. three are
married. They all help to contribute
to his support. the charities
do not have to keep him. the
children are good American
citizens and many times he
tells them of the mistakes he
has made and wants them to
profit by his mistakes

Ernest Jacobsen

December 14, 1936

STATE-WIDE SURVEY OF MINORITY GROUPS IN CALIFORNIA

Sarkees Joseph Rishwain was born in the town of Seril, Province of Mount Lebanon, country of Syria, in 1897. Seril was the only place in which Rishwain lived before coming to the United States as a boy fourteen years of age. He came direct to Stockton, and now is a merchant in this city.

Rishwain recalls no organizations of his native land except the Roman Catholic Church to which he and his people belonged. In Stockton, however, he is a member of the local Syrian Benefit Society, which numbers about twenty-five members. There is no newspaper here in the Syrian vernacular, the nearest Syrian publication being "El Kawkab," published in Los Angeles and issued monthly. The Syrians here celebrate Christmas, New Year's Day, Easter Sunday, Pentecost and all regular holidays of the Roman Catholic Church to which the Stockton Syrians belong. The following folk tales or myths are known to them: Many centuries ago there lived a female monster who delighted in drinking the blood of men and devouring their flesh. This vampire also killed children and committed other horrible deeds. For protection from this monster, the women wore on their breasts amulets containing seven names. These were also hung on doors of the inhabitants to keep her away. The seven names signified seven devilish practices of which this unpopular demon was supposed to have been guilty.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Sarkis Joseph Mikhail was born in the town of Seril, [illegible] Mount Lebanon, country of Syria, in 1897. Seril was the only [illegible] in which Mikhail lived before coming to the United States as [illegible] thirteen years of age. He came direct to [illegible], and [illegible] a merchant in this city.

Mikhail has no organizations of his native land, except the [illegible] Orthodox Church to which he and his people belong. In Detroit, however, he is a member of the Local Syrian Benefit Society, [illegible] number about twenty-five members. There is no [illegible] the Syrian newspaper, the Mirror, Syrian publication being "[illegible]," published in Los Angeles and issued monthly. The Syrians celebrate Christmas, New Year's, Easter and [illegible], [illegible] all regular holidays of the Greek Orthodox Church to which the [illegible] Syrians belong. The following [illegible] are [illegible] to them: [illegible] believe [illegible] have lived a [illegible] [illegible] in existence. No blood of man can [illegible] [illegible]. Vampire also killed children and [illegible] other horrible deeds. [illegible] protection from this monster, the women wore [illegible] [illegible] containing [illegible] names. These were [illegible], in [illegible] of [illegible] to keep her away. However these [illegible] [illegible] which this [illegible] lemon was supposed to [illegible].

Another folk tale is connected with the famous cedar forests of antiquity which are only ten miles from Seril, and concerns the following legend: The cedar forests were very valuable and trespassing was forbidden. To protect them the gods placed there a powerful monster with a beard resembling entrails. But he became a demon, and Gilgamesh, a legendary king, cut off the monster's head. His name was Humbaba.

Prominent among the occupations in Seril was that of stone cutter. All houses were then made of stone, which was very plentiful. Farmers merchants, artisans, tailors, were prominent. Also, the raising of silk worms for the silk trade. In the United States the Syrians engage in farming, merchandising, stone-cutting, and in day-labor. Rishwain's father in Syria was a farmer. He had silk worms and raised fruit and olives.

Very celebrated in literature in Syria was Jabran Kleel Jabran, noted writer, who died in New York, a few years ago. His body was shipped to Syria to be buried with his ancestors. A famous artist in Syria was Riagy Joseph Darien.

Antoinette Jackson

THE MOHAMMEDAN COLONY.

San Francisco's Mohammedan colony is small, but distinctive, consisting mainly of Syrians and Arabs.

Ramadan is their most important holiday. It comes in the ninth month of the year, and is observed from sundown to sundown following the new moon. The night before the festival, the people spend most of their time feasting, the next day - due to custom - they read the Koran and, visit the Iman (Priest).

Four minutes after sundown, the evening prayer is read, followed by rituals and ceremonies. They perform certain "Shadow Plays", usually these take place in a Greek restaurant. On the last of the ten days and nights of Ramadan, those who want healing or their prayers fulfilled, pray faithfully, for angels are supposed to come to earth with blessings.

Antoinette Jackson

THE SYRIANS

The Syrian colony consists of about 400 families closely united in the Syrian American Society, under the leadership of Dr. Simon Zahariah, 5294 Mission St. Arabic is the language used and the New York Syrian newspaper printed in Arabic is circulated here. Some members of the colony are Mohammedans, a few are Hebrews, and the remainder belong to the Greek Orthodox Church.

Syrians are loyal to the land of their adoption, yet proud of their native country and consider their ancestry, its habits of living and industry as their greatest heritage. They own and operate most of the large shops of San Francisco, in which embroideries from Damascus and Sidon, rare bits of work done by peasant weavers, are for sale. They are active in many other branches of industry including motion pictures, tailoring, carpentry, dentistry, medicine, manufacturing, and farming.

Their chief annual festival, the "Ramadan" falls on a different date each year, according to the lunar calendar, always beginning ten days prior to a new moon. Fasting begins at sunrise and ends at sunset, permitting a heavy meal to be eaten after that hour.

This continues for one month, ending on the night of a new moon when a feast of several days' duration begins. Tables are laid out in adjoining rooms, and so continuous is the feast that when the food on the first table is consumed, the guests may retire to the second table, while the hostess and her assistants replenish the first. The nargileh, or water pipe, is used in the local colony of Syrian as by many other peoples of the Near East.

Violet England

January 6, 1937

Native Characteristics. Words - 2014

The following are outstanding characteristics of the native of Syria:

Keen business sense: The Syrians are descendants of the Phoenician traders, caravan traders and shop-keepers. They have developed a genius for business- to such degree that some countries have refused them trading privileges. (Statement made in Syrian newspaper, in connection with the formation of Syrian-American Defense League to defend their trading privileges, etc.)

Religious Feeling and Sensitiveness to spiritual values: Interest in religion is a prime motive in the life of Syrians, be they Mohammedan or Christian. Immigrants are all, practically, Christian.

Gentleness and Kindliness: Growing out of religious feeling, possibly, is the trait of gentleness, which characterizes these people.

Love of Travel: The proverb "Amongst the Aleppins, the lame one has reached India" exists by reason of the love of travel which is one characteristic of Syrians.

Eastern vs. Western Standards: The native Syrian has a disposition to despise as unworthy and paltry the materiality of the Western standards of living, while recognizing at the same time the value of its greater efficiency and the superior economic standard of living.

Ease of Assimilating: (American Ideals, ambitions, etc. and of being assimilated into American life). This, while not to be strictly considered a prime characteristic, is the resultant of this people's characteristics. The readiness with which Syrians become at one with their environment in the U.S. is perhaps partly accounted for by each of the foregoing characteristics; the reasons, upon a little consideration, being evident. Further, ages of struggle have only enthroned more securely the democratic ideals for which the little country has long striven.

IMMIGRATION RECORDS.

Concerning the very few Syrian immigrants who come direct to California the records of California Immigration Service, Angel Island, go back only to 1902; the Los Angeles office has no figures for Syrians entering California.

The U.S. records are complete back to 1820, and segregation is made for Syrians giving California as their destination. In the tables following are set down for certain years the no. entering California. This indiaates the proportion only of those who came direct; many more than these came first to the East; later migrated to California, and of that migration no figures have been kept. These U.S. figures are here given in order to compare California arrivals with the total coming to U.S. and thus complete in some degree the picture.

The statement of one Syrian that the "first contingent came about 1879" is found correct, upon comparison with government records. Also another statement that the "second contingent came 1887" is found enlightening, inasmuch as in that year the number becomes one of hundreds whereas only tens had come before. Further the reports bear out the man's statement that in the early 90's a large number came because religious persecution made safety uncertain. (See year 1891 which lists no. as 2488) The number for years following is thousands instead of hundreds. A peak of 9,000 is reached in years 1913-1914; there being at that time no quota set. The World War threw Turkey, Britain and France into conflict in Syria and probably accounts for the great drop in immigration after 1914. The statement of another Syrian that there was a large influx in the early 20's, at the close of the

War, proves correct inasmuch as the figures for 1920 and 1921 stands again thousands instead of hundreds (3047-5105). The fact that the French obtained a mandate over Syria in 1920 although against the wishes of many Syrians, especially non-Christians, may signify dissension in Syria, which resulted in the migration of many to U.S.

--California Ports of Entry--

From the records of the Port of San Francisco, head office Angel Island, the following are the available figures for Syrian immigrants who entered direct the port of San Francisco.

1927 - 5; 1928 - 8; 1929 - 16; 1930 - 1; 1931 - 8; 1932- 2; 1933 - 3; 1934 - 4; 1935 - 9; 1936- to October - 7.

Departures from San Francisco during 1934-35 totalled 12; in 1931 there were 2 departures; in 1926 one.

As stated, Los Angeles Immigration Service reports having no figures for Syrians passing through that port, the only other Californian port of entry.

-- U.S.Immigration Figures--

From 1820 to 1870 Immigration Reports were made by Sec'y of State but appear only as Congressional documents. Report for year 1870-71 gives statement, by countries,of the no. of alien passengers arrived in U.S. from foreign countries <u>from the commencement of the Government</u> to the 31st. of Dec., 1869 inclusive.

Segregation for Syria is as follows:

Prior to 1820	1820-1830	1831-1840	1841-1850	1851-1860	1861-1869	Aggregate
------	------	------	------	------	4	4

Further detail lists 2 as coming in year 1866 and 2 in year 1868. None came in first 3/4 of the year 1870.

Fiscal years ended June 30th.

1871	1873	1875	1877	1879	1881
1	3	1	3	31*	5

* One Syrian referred to this as "First Contingent"

In the years following no segregation is given for Syria; evidently the heading "Turkey in Asia" replaces "Syria."

Turkey in Asia.

Fiscal years ended June 30th.

1883	1885	1887*	1888	1891*	1892	1893	1894	1895
3	32	208	273	2488	3172	1829	1219	2326

The Immigration Commissioner's Report for year 1925 in one table lists the number of Syrians who entered the U.S. for years 1899-1923 as follows:- the years 1924 and 1925 are from yearly reports: (California Figures from other tables are inserted)

1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907
3708	2920	4064	4982	5551	3653	4822	5824	5880
			Destination California					
						20		67

1908	1909	1910	
5520	3668	6317	Destination California
21	13		

Total 1901-1910----------50,281

Total 1899-1910.....56,909
(Figures from another table)

1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920
5444	5525	9210	9023	1767	676	976	210	231	3047
			Destination California						
	49	55	14	18	25	23	7	9	

Total 1911-1920---------- 36,109

* - Referred to in the foregoing paragraphs.

1921	1922	1923	1924	1925
5105	1334	1207	1595	450

Destination California.

59

Grand total 1899-1925----------102,709.

From 1908-1925 the total number of Syrian emigrants who departed from the U.S. was only 15,235.

A table in another year book continues the figures of Syrians admitted to U.S.

1926	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931
429	590	504	469	497	300

Destination California.

18	9	38	24	9

Table above mentioned states No. departed for every hundred admitted was:-

1926	1927	1928	1929
53	30	38	21

For the years 1908-29 Syrians who departed U.S. totalled as follows:

1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916
1700	1204	1077	1173	972	797	1200	433	120

1917	1918
110	160

The 1934 issue of "Pacific Syrian-American Guide", a directory of the Syrian firms, heads of families etc. in California and other western states, lists some 1639 names in California. The Population Bulletin, 1930 Census, for California does not segregate for Syria, but lists these under heading "All Other" nationalities; hence it has not been possible to estimate the number of Syrians in California. Syrians themselves speak of Los Angeles having about 7,000 Syrians. The number in the above named directory, including heads of families, etc. is 732. The following places have Syrians listed in this directory, with the number set down beside them:

Alameda	4	Encinitas	2
Anaheim	7	Eureka	1
Alhambra	2	Fillmore	1
Atwood	1	Fontana	2
Alturas	1	Forrance	1
Azusa	2	Fort Bidwell	1
Bakersfield	16	Fresno	26
Baldwin Park	1	Gardena	6
Banning	5	Glendale	6
Baypoint	1	Glenwood	2
Berkeley	14	Greenville	1
Blythe	1	Hawthorne	11
Brawley	26	Hermosa Beach	1
Calexico	23	Hollydale	1
Camp Baldy	2	Holtville	1
Cardiff-by-the-Sea	1	Huntington Beach	1
Carlsbad	2	Hynes	1
Centerville	2	Indio	4
Chico	3	Inglewood	21
Chino	2	Lindsay	1
Cloves	1	La Habra	1
Coachella	1	Lawndale	1
Compton	5	Long Beach	9
Corona	9	Los Angeles	732
Culver City	2	Los Nietos	1
Delano	1	Madera	1
Delhi	3	Manteca	1
Downey	1	Martinez	3
El Centro	8	Mar Vista	1
El Modeno	1	Merced	2
Elverta	5	Monson	1
		Montebello	1

Monterey Park	1
National City	1
Needles	1
Oakland	60
Ocean Beach	1
Ocean Park	4
Ontario	2
Orange	1
Orange Cove	14
Orosi	1
Oroville	1
Oxnard	9
Palms	2
Pasadena	4
Paso Robles	1
Petaluma	2
Pico	1
Placentia	7
Portola	1
Puente	1
Quincy	1
Redding	2
Redondo Beach	10
Redlands	1
Redwood City	1
Reedley	45
Richmond	4
Rio Linda	1
Roseville	3
Sacramento	52
San Anselmo	1
San Bernardino	28
San Diego	29
San Fèrnando	6
San Francisco	300
San Gabriel	11
Sanger	2
San Jose	7
San Leandro	2
San Marino	1
San Rafael	1
Santa Ana	2
Santa Barbara	16
Santa Clara	1
Santa Mergerita	1
Santa Monica	9
Santa Paula	8
Santa Rosa	8
San Ysidro	4
Saugus	1
Sawtelle	1
Selma	2
Stockton	52
Summerland	1
Sunnyvale	18
Susanville	1
Taft	1
Tipton	1
Vallejo	2
Valleys	1
Van Nuys	2
Venice	32
Ventura	2
Visalia	1
Vista	4
Watts	11
Weed	2
Whittier	2
Wilmington	4
Windsor	1
Yuba City	1

Los Angeles and San Francisco have of course the largest Syrian population. Other chief centers, as seen by above, are: Bakersfield, ~~16~~; Berkeley, ~~14~~; Brawley, Calexico, Fresno, Hawthorne, Inglewood, Oakland, Orange Cove, Redondo Beach, Reedley, Sacramento, San Bernardino, San Diego, San Gabriel, Santa Barbara, Stockton, Sunnyvale, Venice and Watts.

Occupations.

When first they came to U.S. many Syrians, not knowing the American language, engaged in house-to-house selling. Often they brought their wares from their native land, which when sold, were replenished by stocks sent over by relatives in Syria. Syrians, some of them descendants of the Phoenician traders, some of caravan traders and others of shop owners and salesmen, have naturally continued in California chiefly this occupation of merchant. The Syrian Directory of California lists merchants in every line and the following summary shows only the lines which claim the largest number, owing largely to demand: - groceries, dry goods, general merchandise, markets, Theatre Managers, manufacturers (dresses, especially) linens. The professions and skilled trades claim a relatively small number, distributed widely over the whole miscellaneous field. There are farm owners, a possible 50 around Reedley in Stanislaus County; s smaller number about Fresno City, Sacramento and Stockton. That there are practically no laborers among Syrians is the belief both of Syrians consulted and the Government Inspector of Camps, etc. (Bureau of Immigration & Housing, State Bldg, S.F., which segregates by nationalities the numbers in camps, etc.) The figures for Syrians entering U.S. gave in most years a high proportion of farmers and farm laborers; Syrians state these work their own farms, if they work on the land in U.S. at all.

Organizations.

Arab Nat'l League of Los Angeles (affiliated with the New York League - formed July, 1936, to aid Arabs in Palestine. Pres: Toofik E. Dugally- 357 S. Ford Blvd. Los Angeles.

Doumanians Mutual Aid Society - former residents of Douma- Mt. Lebanon. - Los Angeles.

Knights of Lebanon (boys) - meets Y.M.C.A. - SAN FRANCISCO. Social.

Ladies Syrian Aid Society - Los Angeles - 626- 22nd.

Ladies Syrian-American Society - San Francisco
642 - 12th. Ave. - Secretary.
(Social & benevelent- promotes American citizenship - meets at Coffee Cup-5424 Geary St. - Ba. 3232.)

Ladies Syrian Aid Society - Los Angeles - 626 - 22nd.

Syrian-American Defense League - formation pending- Nov. 1936. National organization- headquarters- San Antonio, Texas- Suite 525 Gunter Bldg.- with branches in each state- to protect legally the rights of Syrians- through their own or hired attorneys- and to protect their trading rights (some countries have excluded Syrians from trade privileges)

Syrian-American Council of '76. - Los Angeles.

Syrian-American Council of '76/- Juniors - Los Angeles. Boys and Girls.

Syrian-American Society- Los Angeles - c/o 1024 Santee

Syrian-American Society- San Francisco - Pres: Dr. Simon R. Zachariah - 5194 Mission St.

Syrian Civic League (Men and Women - Social) - San Francisco. Meets at Y.W.C.A.

Syrian Lebanon Club - ~~This name is found in Pacific Syrian-American Guide - under~~ Los Angeles- ~~address given is~~ 2122 E. First.- ~~Not known whether this is an organization or only a residence club.~~ Checked

Syrian Young Men's Society - Los Angeles - 2952 Virginia Road.

Thirteen Club - C/o 837 S. Harvard Blvd.- LOS ANGELES.

Western Federation of Syrian Clubs - Temporary Sec'y- Samuel S. Mamey - 4452 Whittier Blvd. - LOS ANGELES.

Celebrations.

THE MAHRAJAN.

An annual out-door gathering, called the Mahrajan, celebrated for two days, draws many visitors. In 1936 was held Sept. 6th. and 7th. at Whiting Woods in Verdugo Hills, 12-1/2 mi. from Los Angeles City Hall. Stage shows, ballroom dancing, tournaments, contests, Syrian music, Syrian dances and folklore, etc. from early morning till midnight.

Newspapers.

One newspaper is published in California for circulation among Syrians- This is in English -"The Syrian-American News -" 4452 Whittier Blvd.- LOS ANGELES.

Churches.

San Francisco has no church of Syrians. In Los Angeles the Syrian Church is "Our Lady of Lebanon Church"- 1307 Warren Ave.- LOS ANGELES.

Syrian Musical Instruments.

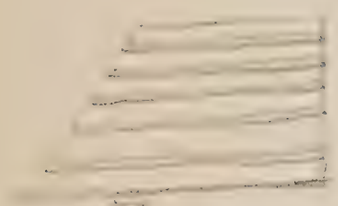
Syrians use a variety of instruments not in common use in U.S. These are played at the Mahrajan and other gatherings of Syrians.

Mijwiz: fine reed, double; mouthpiece similar to bagpipe but the sound is result of shaping of the lips, etc.

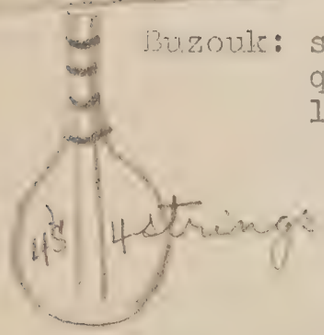
Ney: single reed, wider than those of mijwiz; no shaped mouthpiece; player blows into the end of the reed; holes stopped up by fingers;

The two above are similar to shephard's pipe.

Canoon: About 30 strings in groups of two to increase volume of sound; player uses picks on the ends of shields on first finger. Posts arranged so that string may be lifted upon post, thus giving string different length and therefore slightly different sound; all strings are of gut except the bass, which is a banjo string.



Buzouk: shaped like mandolin but with a very long arm; quadruple strings cut off in differing lengths on the long neck.



Oud: lute-shaped stringed instrument. Sounds somewhat like guitar. Syrians claim this was the instrument David played; strings double; plucked with fingers.

Derbake or Syrian Drum: hollow inside and open at base; held in lap and beaten by hand.

Syrian Foods.

Because of variation from the customary American dishes, the following foods, which are imported, are listed:

Halwah:- candy - of sugar and Tahinee oil.

Bulhgur: cracked wheat mixed with meat.

Fool: Egyptian horse beans.

Red Lentils: split, used for soup and with meat.

Pillaf: rice, often mixed with fat and seasonings, tomatoes, etc.

Fava Beans: used in soup with meat.

Okra:

Adamy: similar to Mexican beans called garavanjos - salted and unsalted.

Bouzer: pumpkin seeds - salted.

Fistick: pistachio nuts - either natural (white) or colored pink; roasted and salted.

Syrian Amardin: dried apricots rolled in thin sheets (Attempts to produce this in California have failed- evidently the natural sun-drying process in Syria differs somewhat from here)

Snobar: pine nuts.

Soujuk: a string of walnuts is dipped in a thick sugar syrup to which wine has been added.

Kisbeck: a fine powder: made of sour milk, flour and eggs; used in soup.

Michael Artonius. (Syria)

San Francisco, Calif. Aug 14-34.

Dr Paul Fadin. Mgr. A.R.D.
San Francisco, Calif.;

Michael (nick name Mick) was born in 1884 near cedars of Lebonar Al-Republic Ahamms. Dair-Elkamar, a short distance of Al-Republic Ahamms a city of 15000 inhabitants.

The memory of Mickey,s life began at the age of five years, when he was still nursing on his mothers breast, He began to realize and felt that he was a young man, grew ashamed to think that a young man of his age and leader of his playmates, he immediately discontinued his nursery. In later years he began to realize that his good old fashion nursery is what made him strong healthy and vigerous, and placed him in the leadership of his playmates or gang. also being the only child, he received advertages that some of his playmates did not get.

Toys were practically unknown to Mickey or other children in that neighborhood, their amusement,s consisted chiefly in a physical way. His pet goat Bumpey was one of his greatest amusement, which was at the age of seven. Mickey trained the goat when very young to use his instinct or goats habits of defense to bump with his head. this was a daily amusement for Mickey and his playmates, however after the Bumpey grew up this kind of sport did not appeal to the youngsters so much on account of Bumpey being on the alert at all times for someone to stoop, and should anyone of the youngsters happen to unconsciously stoop or play in a certain manner the Bumpey being the judge of his actions, frequently upset some of the youngsters playing by his swift action and bumping. The rough sport of Bumpey caused him to land in the pasture with the flock of goats.

After loosing Bumpey as a playmate, a swiming party was organized Mickey being the organizer, the swiming pool being quiet a distance from the house, a defirate time was set for to go swiming each day this created considerable inthueasm and lot of fun for himself and playmates, each morning Mickey would wait patiently for the afternoon hour to arrive for the playmates to gather and leave for the swimming pool. This was the happiest hour of the day.

At the age of nine years shall not be forgotten account the lesson that he learned from his playmates. The custom was that the first Thursday in February was set aside as a holiday or considered so. for everyone to drink hard drinks (Anisette) Mickey and his playmates early on thursday morning prepared their food and provisions A goat skin filled with wine, started out for the near top forest of cedars to a cave and a welll. The cave being a natural erosian of nature, and the well of a spring lined for centuries, The cave was deep enough to accomodate fifty people. A hard effort of forest climbing settled themselves in the cave to eat and drink wine mixed with snow, efforts were made to give proper and appropriated speaches to the pirates cave, after a few hours of amusement they consumed all of their eats and drinks, they started their journey homeward so as to reach home by six in the evening as instructed by Mickey,s mother. Mickey being the leader naturally felt that he had to take the lead in drinking wine, on the journey homeward found that things were not as well as should be however they managed to reach home in time for a delicious dinner the dinner consisted chiefly of Okra stew. Everyone enjoyed the dinner but Mickey,. However Mickey was happy to see his playmates enjoy the dinner. After the playmates left and returned to their homes. Mickey said to his mother. I did not feel like eating but was happy to see the boys enjoy their dinner. The mother said Happiness comes from making others happy. Misery comes from making others miserable.

(To be continued next page.)

Mickey was very much impressed with the social custom that prevailed in that part of the country, No family except on rare occasion would spent their evenings alone, if some neighbors did not call on or before a certain hour, they would go out and call on some neighbors that were at home, to spent the evening, occasionally the elders would call at a home and visit where Mickey did not find his equal playmates, and this spoiled the evening for him. Specially prepared meals or good cooked meals were not eaten without someone being invited to participate in the especially prepared meal. and many times Mickey,s friends were the luckey ones to participate. After the age of nine Mickey was allowed to carry the prepared dough to the public bake owens where the bread was baked, the overs were constructed of marble on one side wood the other 25X15 feet in size. The bread texture was different then that in any other country, and is known as the salt rising bread. The public bakers baked the bread on percentage basis. Mickey would patiently wait to take the bread home for which he would receive several slices of the fresh bread.

Mickey being the only child received more advantages then the average youngsters of his age. At the age of eleven his mother died leaving him and his father in great sorrow, for several months Mickey would not go out and play with his pals as he used to, but would stay at home or accompany his father in his daily duties. but this finally grew burdensome and decided that he would rather stay at home and play with his playmates. At this time Mickey grew concious of the beauty that surrounded and existed in the house he lived in and was born. Memories of his mother returned to him one by one, trying to do and doing some things that his mother told him. happiness comes from making others happy, proved to him that mother was right. He would go around the house and admire the things his mother made and arranged around the house . Mickey later found that a home without a mother was not so good, no matter how good and kind his father was. One day feeling clue Mickey asked his father if he would get another nice mother for him, and sure enough a stepmother arrived with a daughter two years younger then himself. they both were very nice, a real mother, and a real girl playmate. in a very short time things again appeared like home.

The house Mickey lived was five hundred years old and still standing there today. Built of stone, very comfortable and cozy. in the cold snowy winter days, Mickey would love to built up a big fire in the fire place with charcoal, then lye down in front, and dream of his future. From the age of eleven, most of his evenings were spent at the community storey teller, the admission was 3 cents which included a cup of coffee. Stories of all descriptions were told and read by this man. Also music played a big part in the young mans life. At the age of 19, Mickey became a great leader of Arabian Knights. looking for advanture. Shortly after the family moved to Egipt, for economical reasons.

To be continued.

By Adolph Forth.

San Francisco, Calif. Aug 20-34.

Being that Mickey was the only child, and his parents quiet well to do financially, he received many things and good things that were an asset to life. His father bought a cat for him, a cat that seem almost human, The cat understood most anything that he was told, that is pertaining to his daily life and duty. as well as in play. on account of the exceptional ability of the cat to understand and do, Mickey thought that there was no other cat in the world that could equal him, while he was not the pet for outdoor sport,but furnished the amusement in and about the house in conjunction with his two birds. Cmmm The cat would never touch or eat anything without first given the permission. When there was anything about the house that appealed to his smelling taste, he would either stand or lye down close by and remain until he was either given a part of the article to eat, or told to get away that same was not for him. One day the lady of the house placed some meat in the air cooler but left the door open a neighbor cat happened around where the cooler was So the mr cat of the house immediately picked up the piece of beef steak carried same in the kitchen and placed amid in the lap of Mickey,s mother. noticing the strange cat, they immediately set about to mm make a thorough test, to see if their loving pet cat, really had the inteligence as appeared. and found similar reccourances of similar instances later, this became a talked off cat in the neighboorhood, Mickey being the proud pall This with the two birds One of which was a Golden Oral, golden feathered the size of a canary, its singing was of a very sweet rolling tone, and his Bulbul, black feathered with yellow spots, size of a quail bob tail, This Bulbul would learn to talk and sing very quickly and understand the language, Always at the becon call of the lady of the house, he mmm would come and go at the command, Hasson is the canary and Bulbul, the one is singing cheerfully , while the other is jumping from shoulder to shoulder talking to them. The guest of the house are squatting on a demasques made mat in the livon, under a jasamine tree very fragerant when flowering, Clear air bright moonlight nights with a breeze flowing over the trees caused occasionally a flower to fall, gave considerable amusement, a game was played the one that was blessed with the most number of flowersto fell on them would be considered as we term it either the queen or king for the evening, this afforded a very ~~enjoyable and~~ beautifull and enjoyable pass time, particullarly for mickey his sweetheart and playmates. In fact the amusement very popular in the season when the flowers were falling. thsi however did not play the cupid part ~~amid the mirth mm~~ with Mickey as it did with some of the young men and wimen, as Mickey realized that he could not be contented to settle down until such time whenwhen he could prove some greater experience and greater knowledge of the world.and prove to his sweetheart that he is worthy of marrying her. being that he had every oppertunity that he wanted, decided to first get a good education that his parents were willing to give him,, he finally entered what was known the American College founded in 1864 by Dr Henry Von Dyke taking up Turkish, Arabish, English and French, this is now called the American University. and covers 75 acres. This course cost him 130 pounds a year for Tuition and board, he found himself very successfull in his studies, wrote articles for newspapers that surprised the publisher as well as himself, as he was burning with love and ambition, this was at the age of 17. A horse , gun and wimen was his hight of ambition, a horse to carry him, a gun to protect him, a women to love him, and this is what forced Mickeyto forge ahead and prove himself a real man. he had a horse which was exceptionally well trained, an Arabian horse, and became an exceptional good horseman while attending college.

(Contined on page 4)

his father also had a horse, both these horses were trained for fighting, Several other young men in the neighborhood had horses that were trained, They would occasionally stage a war manuver, his father being exceptionally well posted in this line of sport generally walked away with the honors. with the exception of two occasions, when Wickey and his pals planned a worrier or manuver contest, and this was planned in a manner that Wickeys father did not see in time the plot that was worked out by the boys to trap him , in the final the elder acknowledged his defeat. and this proved a great day for Wickey, proud of his victory, and a hero in the eyes of his sweetheart and pals. This braught about a greater confidence in his young life, growing greater with ambition and adventure, having mastered successfully several years of University studies being able to speak four languages felt that he was well equipped to shift for himself, and do big things for himself. ~~Finally decided~~ at the age of 18. decided that he would go to South Africa and start some kind of a business, The two weeks of preperation shall never be forgotten, Some wonderfull farewell receptions were given in the honor of Wickey, in these receptions received advice of all descriptions, in fact so many that HE was finally compelled to forget all of them and follow his own concious dictations. Wickey set out for South Africa. arriving at Warsalles met a countryman, who persuated him to come to the United States with him, needless to say that it did not take much persuation for to change his mind, they were off for the as was known to them the good old U.S.A. Arriving at New York with approximately a thousand dollars, with courage and ambition, but there was always something lingering in his mind, mostly the girl that he left behind, and the good father that provided so well for him, nearly every night after retiring he would spend at least a few minutes in meditation, and of the ones that he left behind, the good old home where he was born and raised and the many other things that he had to leave behind. shortly after his father sold his home and moved to Egipt. and about the same time the girl that he loved decided to come to the United States, arriving at Cairo Egipt met a man and was married, with all these happenings, the old home sold, the girl that he loved was married, changed many of his plans that he had in mind for the future. In fact he grew very much disgusted, and ~~[illegible]~~ and never made friends with girls for ten years. Left for Virginia to visit a countryman friend. then to Lafayette where he started a saloon, which proved a success, having the roaming fever, sold his business and left for Beaumont Texas

By. Adolph Forth.

To be continued.

Continued from last week.

San Francisco Calif. Aug 27-34.

Dr Paul Radin, Mgr.
Reserch Department.
Liebes Bldg.
City.

3087-Michael Antonius.

At the age of 18, while attending the University, competing with his fellow students, he studied so hard at times, putting in so many hours averaging 12 hours a day in studies, not being accustomed to hard work, life became somewhat of a drudgery, sacrifisicing many hours of pleasure that some other fellow students took advantage, not that he couldnt afford it, as he had a sufficient allowance, but felt that he wanted to master his assigned studies and rank amongst the highest in the class, and so he did. however in later months however the long hours and hard studies became a drudgery growing more careless and reckless, finally decided his journey of adventure. His father now being in Egipt engaged in the liquor business, doing a big business Mickey asked his father for his approval of his intention, this was granted, realizing that the boy was burning with ambition, gave him fifteen hundred dollars as a start for him in a business venture. His father being a young man once upon a time himself, realized fully the feeling and desires of a young man of that age. Mickey immediately informed the principal of his school that he was about to leave the College to set out to make a mark for himself, realizing that he was fairly well equipped with knowlegde of the business world, together with his education, he felt that he was well able to master any problems that may confront him, which however did not always prove out fully as he intecipated, but did not encounter any serious difficulties, Obsticals that developed during his travels was nearly a step to greater knowledge, realizing this he was prepared and sometimes felt that the more problems that confronted him the greater and more powerfull he would be some day. His first great test came

V.B. was born in a little village called Septist near Baghdad in Mesopotamia. It is a village entirely made up of Assyrians. It is in the midst of a desolate region of bad soil and rock. For centuries the villagers have worked unceasingly to keep their gardens and orchards intact. Wave after wave of Turkish soldiers have descended upon the town and have caused havoc and destruction. They killed the leading inhabitants and carried off their women. During the late war almost three-fourths of the villagers were killed and the rest driven from the town.

All this V.B. witnessed as a boy. When they were driven from the town his family went to Baghdad and then to Damascus and still later to Constantinople. After the war they came to America and settled in New Jersey in a settlement on the heights across from New York City which is the largest Assyrian settlement in America. Five years ago they came to California.

V.B. remembers only hardship and terror from his childhood days. Their days were spent in preserving their language and religion and families from extinction. They are a close-knit group and intermarry among themselves.

V.B. is a Jacobite and a faithful member of the church. Only once a year a priest comes here and solemnizes the

birth, marriage and christening ceremonies. Otherwise they attend the Greek Church. There are only seventy thousand Assyrians left in the world and V.B. makes it a point to keep in touch with their organizations and churches all over the world as well as their brothers the Chaldeans. The language is Assyrian mixed with a good deal of Syriac and Turkish words.

In San Francisco there are about four hundred. They fraternize mostly with the Syrians. Of these about one hundred fifty come from Persia.

V.B. is a barber by trade. He is unmarried and lives with a family from the same village in Syria as his own, who have been in San Francisco for twenty-five years. He is rather non-committal about his own personal life because of the tragic memories it brings back but will talk a good deal about the Assyrian people and their history.

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Mr. P., a Syrian, was born in 1895. He came to the United States as an immigrant in 1916, and worked as a delivery boy and clerk in a grocery store until the war. He enlisted in the United States army. Mr. P. saved what money he made in the army and upon his discharge started a business of his own, operating a small grocery and fruit market. He was fairly prosperous, according to his former ideas of prosperity. In 1924 he went to Europe to try to bring his sister and mother back. The quota being exhausted he paid their fare to Mexico with the idea of later having them smuggled into the States. He claims something went wrong and he sent them back to Europe in the early part of 1925 where they stayed until 1926 when they made the quota and came on to the United States.

Arrested in 1929 on a charge of moral turpitude, he narrowly missed deportation as the immigration authorities came into the case. He married an American girl in 1930. By this time, he says, he had paid off the mortgage on his store and home as he had raised money on them both at the time of his arrest in 1929. In July of 1932 he was arrested again, this time on the charge of transportation and sale of liquor and contributing to the delinquency of a minor as he had his sixteen year old nephew delivering alco-

hol for him at the time of his arrest. This time he lost his car, delivery truck and home; and also mortgaged his business so heavily that he says he is worrying as to whether he will lose it too. He was placed on five years probation and fined for the last offense and says that he narrowly missed going to the penitentiary.

He has made two different attempts to secure his naturalization papers and claims that due to his record of arrests that he was turned down both times, he bemoans the fact that he did not secure his papers at the time he was in the army as he states that he could have obtained his papers at that time with little or no difficulty. He blames all of his business difficulties on what he calls "tough breaks" and seems to have given up hopes of getting back on his feet again. When the suggestion was made that perhaps his income was somewhat decreased by the passing of the prohibition era he said "no, that was just a side line" but in the conversation a few minutes later he told me that if the prohibition law had stayed in effect and he could have continued in that line another year without being apprehended that he could have retired from any kind of work.

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Mr. P., sales manager of a rug company in Oakland was born in Urmiah, located in the northwestern portion of Persia.

The name of "Urmia" means "City of Water", "Ur" being city, "Umiah" being water. Tradition has it that Urmiah was the birth place of Zoroaster. Their ancient civilization is still alive with hospitality, hard to be improved. Their language is Syriac, or Aramaic, the language of Christ.

Urmiah is known as Rezayeh, the original town having been destroyed during the war by the Turks and persians as the Assyrians from this district clashed with the Persians. There are some forty thousand Assyrian Christians known as Nestorian Christians. However the larger population is Mohammedan.

Rezayeh is surrounded by villages. The principal occupation is raising tobacco, raisins, some opium, the weaving of small rugs and farming.

There is a colony of Assyrians in Turlock, California engaged in farming.

Schools are scarce in Urmiah, though there is one American mission, organized some hundred years ago, from which Mr. P. graduated.

The Assyrians are good students; many come to the United

States for education. They apply themselves well and generally graduate into the professions, such as medicine or dentistry, though some are engaged in plastering. Generally they continue to live here after graduation, though before the war they were prone to return to their native land.

The largest colony of Assyrians is in Chicago. Some three hundred are in the East Bay and San Francisco. However, there are few Assyrians left in the world. Those still in Persia live in Mesopotamia.

Music is hardly known. There are many good preachers among them, mostly of the Christian faith. In weaving their rugs there is no particular design aside from that of the pear, the fruit which comes from their sacred tree.

Mr. P. is not married and is living with his people in San Francisco.

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The Assyrians are good students; many come to the United

States for education. They apply themselves well and generally graduate into the professions, such as medicine or dentistry, though some are engaged in plastering. Generally they continue to live here after graduation, though before the war they were prone to return to their native land.

The largest colony of Assyrians is in Chicago. Some three hundred are in the East Bay and San Francisco. However, there are few Assyrians left in the world. Those still in Persia live in Mesopotamia.

Music is hardly known. There are many good preachers among them, mostly of the Christian faith. In weaving their rugs there is no particular design aside from that of the pear, the fruit which comes from their sacred tree.

Mr. P. is not married and is living with his people in San Francisco.

Syrian people are enduring many hardships, and are three generations behind the times, according to Joseph Malouf, native Syrian, now a manufacturer of a huge garment factory of San Francisco, where over a hundred employees are at work daily, providing stocks which are selling in all western states.

Mr. Malouf came from Beirut, in Villayet, in Asiatic Turkey, landing in America when he was but eight years old. He has resided in the United States since that time, working very hard at all times. He gives as one cause of the prevailing situation in Syria, the lack of compulsory education. The people do not send their children to school. In fact, they cannot, they are too poor; the majority of people, he asserts, suffer from poverty. They simply cannot afford to send the children to school.

A compulsory school law could not be enforced, in the belief of this countryman, unless financial provision is made by the government to assist people in complying with such a law.

School hours there are from 8:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. with one hour for noon. This Syrian child was placed in school by his parents at the age of four years, when he started studying reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic.

There are no kindergartens or other preliminary training periods.

His family was in the silk raising business. They had mulberry orchards and silk worms, which they cared for, producing sil threads for sale. The family home was built of stone, two stories, with a sod roof, which was flat. Sometimes the houses here are ranged along a street, side by side; they are quite large, housing both the family with all their belongings and the business, as well. A family lives in one portion, keeps the stocks in another, the silk-worms in still another portion, all thus being under one roof.

His parents had a large family, quite a few children younger and older than he was at the time of his coming to America. He had continued school until the age of eight. Then, a cousin of his mother's, planning to come to America where the family had many other Syrian relatives who had come over before, wanted to bring two of the children with her, Joseph, then eight, and an older sister. This arrangement was agreeable to Joseph's parents, and the lad embarked for America.

They all arrived in New York, where the family lived five or six years, with Joseph and his sister attending school regularly. Joseph here learned English, of course,

which he wanted very much to do. He had worked hard in school, and at the age of fourteen years he left New York alone, and came to another family of Syrians who were relatives, who lived in Utah, and had a retail store there. They were willing to have him come and so everything was arranged. His sister stayed on in New York with the other Syrian family.

Thus Joseph started his business career in the west, working in the store, clerking and studying; sometimes he attended day school and worked nights, other times attending night courses, and working days. He stayed here three years. Then, when he was seventeen years old, he went to live with still another relative, who had a factory manufacturing women's garments. Here he started in the shipping department, working for two years in this capacity. Reward for his hard work came in the form of a travelling salesman's job.

Thus at the age of nineteen years, this Syrian youth started travelling the western states, with his lines of manufacture, women's garments, lingerie and dresses. This employment he continued faithfully for ten years, saving his money, planning all the while for the time when he could go into business for himself. He wanted to settle down, preferably on the Pacific Coast, and open a garment

factory. He had been saving every possible dollar to this end.

About this time a cousin, located in San Francisco, who had been working aggressively as a salesman for an automobile concern, and had saved his money, joined him, and they together opened a large dress manufacturing shop. Joe, who understood thoroughly all branches of the business, was to manage production, and every branch of the plant, such as designing, buying of supplies, running the workroom, etc. Bert, adept in salesmanship, was to manage sales, do the actual selling in the beginning and place all production.

They secured a good location in the wholesale district, a fine dress designer from New York, and with other help opened up auspiciously at a time when business was flowing in an even way. Their outlood was good. But these two young Syrian men found they could not agree. Joseph had the actual dress manufacturing experience; he had an even disposition, too, while Bert was of an impetuous disposition, violent at times, no real training in garment making or selling. But in the meantime Bert had married into a well-to-do Syrian family who wished him to continue in the dress business.

Both wanted to keep the business. Yet one or the other had to get out, both agreed. So they decided on a "buy or

sell" offer, and Bert, who was able immediately to raise the necessary fifteen thousand dollars produced that sum (secured from his in-laws) and Joseph stepped out.

Joseph lost no time securing a new location, installed machines and other necessary equipment and launched a "slip" manufacturing business, making a tremendous success from the start. Then came contention concerning the trade name "Malouf", lawsuits, and hard feelings, but these differences were eventually ironed out and a better relationship came about between the former partners.

Three years ago, Joseph Malouf, Inc., moved into 755 Market Street, in a perfectly planned factory, located on the sixth and top floor. The place is ideal, spacious, well lighted, centrally located, equipped with the latest machinery and fixtures. The location is perfect too, in relation to San Francisco retail buyers, who patronize his place, and out of town buyers who like its central location.

Attractive lines of silk lingerie were added to slip lines with this move, giving the plant wider distribution. These lines are carried by salesmen into western states, moving quantities of this finer merchandise.

"Now that France has taken over Syria", said Mr. Malouf, again reverting to his discussion of his native home, "they are trying to put the country one its feet. There

are improvements but the country is at least fifty years behind the times yet. If they could arrange about school for the children, the country would show real improvement.

"Syria is a good country. The climate is good, actually a good deal like California. It does not get so cold there in winter as you might expect since they have some snow. It is a good agricultural country, raising bananas, grapes for wine, dates, orange groves, in fact, all tropical fruits.

"The eastern part, back from the sea, is dry and irrigation is necessary here. Wheat is raised in abundance, also fruits and vegetables, with a great deal of live stock, particularly sheep. With such production, the country should be in much better condition. Beirut, where I lived, as you know, is a seaport, with a good deal of moisture on that shore.

"The houses are quite different from over here. They look more like long rows of flats than individual homes. Business men have their homes, business, and store of materials and products all under the one roof, selecting different portions for various purposes. This is quite different from the American way. Also the houses are not built so compactly, or comfortably."

Mr. Malouf tells about the Syrian cookery, which, he

says, includes many very different dishes, often made from similar vegetables to those we raise and use here. The food there is usually steamed a long while, as in the instance of rolled cabbage. Once while Bert Malouf was still in San Francisco the writer was invited to a Syrian dinner, which included this rolled cabbage dish, as the meat offering. Meat is chopped, seasoned and mixed with boiled rice, which is then folded or rolled in huge cabbage leaves, which are secured with wooden pins, and steamed three hours.

One of the other offerings at this dinner was eggplant which had been halved, hollowed and stuffed with a mixture of bread crumbs, minced vegetables and seasoning, then covered over the top with peanuts, and baked until the nuts were brown, a delicious way to cook eggplant.

Syrian women find the quicker ways of American housewives less tiresome than their own native ways of steaming foods. Syrians now living in this country have adapted their manner of living to those habits they find prevailing here; in fact a real Syrian dinner has become an event in these Syrian families, so that usually it included invited guests in order that many may enjoy the cooking which involves so much work.

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to the Episcopalian. At the age of fourteen, owing to the death of his father, young Saklem set out to support the family. For a time he travelled with a missionary who was a consul living in a sea port town. Later on he travelled for a doctor, acting as interpreter. This doctor lived in Tarsus. In this way he supported his mother and brothers and sisters, travelling in and around Beirut and Tarsus.

He came to our country at the age of twenty-one. For a time he worked in a steel mill, also machine shop, and also an inventing establishment, learning the language all the time. Finally his brother came over to be with him and Mr. Saklem began travelling in the picture business and has always been in it ever since. He is married and has two boys. He is a citizen.

Mr. Saklem told me that when the World War spread into Turkey that his folks retired into the mountains until they were finally informed that a French cruiser was ready to take them away.

Fragments of the ancient wall still surround Antioch. The city had no sanitary system when Saklem lived there. It was under the rule of Turkey. The Armenians, Syrians, and Greeks do not like the Turks. However, the better class of Turks do not drink, and are to an extent, honest. The Turks consider the Armenians and others, dogs, and speak to them as

such.

While drinking was not so prevalent as it is now, still the better class of Turks do not drink. This, before France began its mandate over this section, was to a great extent universal, but since the war this has not been so much the case, as a large distillery was built, and since then drinking has been far more prevalent.

Under Turkish rule, conditions were very bad, particularly under the Sultan Ahmed. This condition has become much better under French rule.

Mr. Saklem related an incident concerning his brother Abraham, who when seventeen, left school and was travelling to a relative. His school books he carried with him. It was necessary that he be searched at certain given points, and in the searching an essay that he had written in school scoring the Turks was uncovered. The boy was arrested and spent eight months in prison. A Turkish prison is probably as mean a place to be confined as there is, according to Mr. Saklem. The men are herded in together and sleep close together on mattresses on the prison floor. Fleas and lice prevail. Through a missionary the English ambassador interceded with Sultan Ahmed and, in one of his better moods, he pardoned the boy. When informed that he was pardoned, the boy shivered for he had known of others being pardoned

and then shot when leaving outside the prison walls. However, in his case, the pardon was authentic.

The depression has hit Mr. Oaklen's business sadly. However, he is well pleased with America.

S.G. Saklem, Syrian, was born near the city Antioch in a suburb called Bateyos in Syria, which is situated between Asia Minor and big Asia.

There were nine in the family. His mother is still alive at the age of ninety-one, living in Riverside, California with one of his brothers.

Mr. Saklem learned his trade in silk, weaving and making garments and shawls. He informed me that the pure silk materials manufactured there never wear out; that he himself still owns silk garments that are more than sixty years old, and that many girls when getting married, and who are too poor to buy a wedding dress, wear the same dress that the mother wore when she was married.

Travel there is mostly by caravan. The country is tropical, or semi-tropical. Fruits are grown the year round, figs, grapes, pomogramtes, pears, and apricots. Antioch is a veritable Garden of Eden, according to a travel writer, so said Mr. Saklem.

Singing there is not by note or ear. People gather together and sing. At the age of sixteen Mr. Saklem went to a sort of park some thirteen miles from Antioch. The dances there were a motion of up and down, a sort of vertical dance, I should say. The religion is the ancient Armenian and Protestant. The ancient Armenian is somewhat similar in ritual

to the Episcopalian. At the age of fourteen, owing to the death of his father, young Saklem set out to support the family. For a time he travelled with a missionary who was a consul living in a sea port town. Later on he travelled for a doctor, acting as interpreter. This doctor lived in Tarsus. In this way he supported his mother and brothers and sisters, travelling in and around Beirut and Tarsus.

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Beatrice Frohlich

SYRIANS

Issa Ibrahim (Issa; Arabic for Jesus)

Ramallah is a beautiful, little village of Syria almost exclusively inhabited by Christians. The olive and fig thrive and vineyards dot the landscape. Here it is that Issa Ibrahim was born. His family proud peasant-farmers and owners of a vineyard which was a possession of the family almost since biblical times. The vineyard was their pride. Then finally it was inherited by Issa and his two brothers each getting a third interest. In Ramallah new customs and habits had not penetrated. The kefiyeh and the abá were still worn. And modernity also had not touched the thoughts or habits of the people.

But Issa had heard on his infrequent trips to Beirut, of America where everything was new, where clothes were different. When he spent hours in the coffee house at Beirut he at times made acquaintance with Syrian merchants or businessman who had been to America. "You must go there," one of them said, "there are wonders of the new era" And when Issa returned to work his vineyard he became dissatisfied. The great western world was in his thoughts. And he could no longer rest until finally one day without consulting his brothers, as he knew they would object, he sold his one-third interest in the age-old vineyard, the pride of his family.

His brothers were inconsolable. They pleaded with him. "You disgrace us, to sell to a stranger, the heritage which is yours. But he had made up his mind. He would not listen to them. And so it was that the peasant vineyardist, Issa, made his way to America, the land of his dreams.

He was so infatuated with the idea of becoming an American that as soon as he was admitted into the country and ignorant of thelanguage he nevertheless immediately set about to declare his intention of becoming a citizen. He had much trouble in entering the United States on account of an Oriental eye-trouble, Trachoma, but that objection was finally overcome when he showed some money he had brought with him, about L.000 dollars, from the sale of his share of the vineyard.

His education was very slight, just what he received in the religious school in Rammallah and he was already thirty years of age when he arrived in New York. But he had faith in himself and in the promise that this land of opportunity held. And he did what most Syrians have to do when they first arrive in this country. He went out as a peddler from house to house. His life was hard, he didnot know a word of English and he often received rude treatment at the hands of those he tried to sell to. He went to night school and took up the study of English and citizenry. His one desire was to become a real American citizen. That he never fully succeeded to become one in his heart is shown by the fact that he never made many American friends, he is a lonesome man to this day and his associates are all Syrians. He never married, whether from choice or because no American woman would have him is not known. He does not speak about it. His brothers disowned him and he has never returned to his native land. And to this day he wears a scarf which his mother gave him. He wears it under his outer clothes around his breast.

In spite of all the privations he underwent as a peddler, he managed with real Syrian frugality and thrift and sobriety to save and even to help out less fortunate fellowmen and countrymen.

He wandered up and down New York State, peddling imported goods, in the summers he went to the resorts and he became acquainted with American ways and with the English language. And in this way peddling his way across the country he finally came to San Francisco to try his luck here. When he first landed here he boarded with an American family in order to learn more of the English language. One day his landlady lost a valuable diamond ring worth at least a thousand. About a month after the disappearance of the ring, he was walking in the garden and he saw something glistening in the grass. He stooped down and picked it up. It was the diamond ring. He was alone, noone saw him find it , yet this poor peddler didnot hesitate but immediately returned it to its owner. The husband of the landlady said to him " You had better return to Syria, you will not get along here." And when Issa asked "why?" he answered, " You are too honest to get along in this country."

And then something happened that changed the tenor of his life. He was visiting some Syrian friends who were prosperous grocers. They were sitting in the grocery store late one evening, chatting and waiting for some possibly belated customers. Two men entered the shop. But instead of being customers they were hold-up men and desperate ones at that. One of them went to the cash-register and robbed it of its contents, which was several hundred dollars. Just then the wife of the groceryman picked up his gun which he had lain to one side for a moment and shot the robber fatally while Issa grappled with the other one. When the police came they found the shot robber dead and the grocery proprietor got his money back.

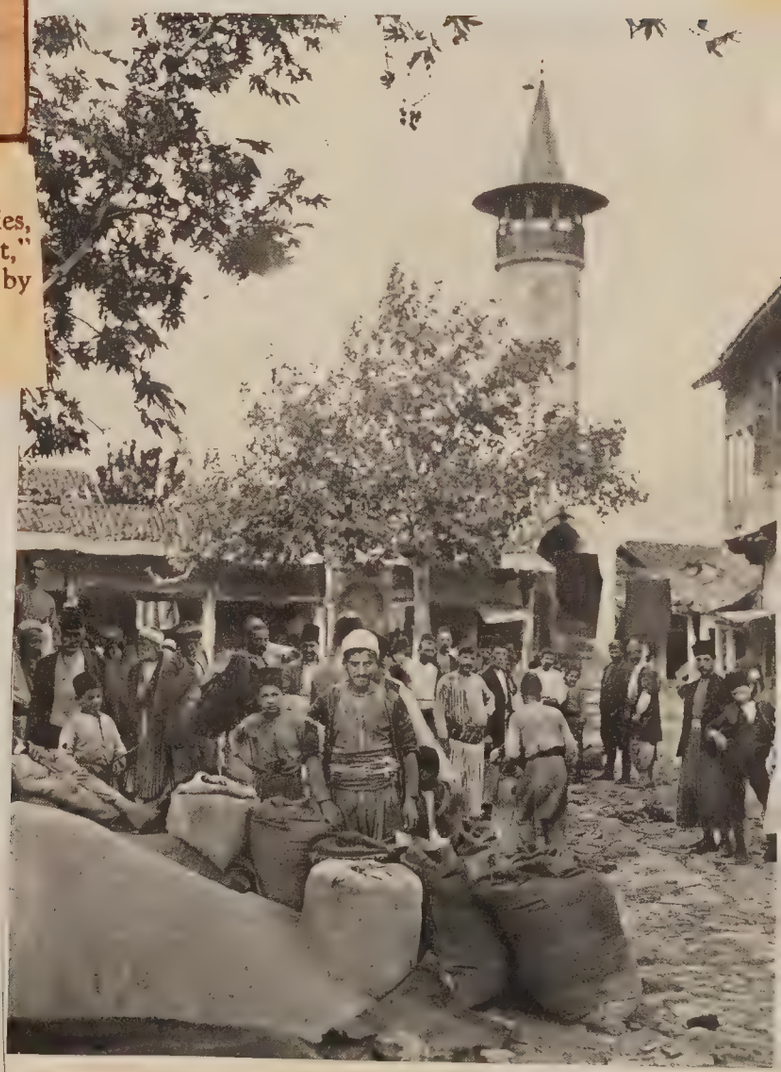
But these simple honest, hardworking people had no peace

of mind and after the excitement died down, the groceryman and his wife lived in mortal fear that friends of the slain robber would return and revenge his death. They were afraid with every new customer who entered the shop. The wife couldnot stand the strain. So finally one day they called Issa in and told him that they would make him a present of the business which he promised to repay whenever possible. And so Issa Ibrahim came into possession of the business which is still his today. It is thriving and well-patronized especially by the Syrians of San Francisco. He makes a specialty of dealing in foods liked by the Syrians and Syrians from all over California send to him for such goods. The thieves' cohorts never did come to the place and Issa paid the original owners the proper price for it.

And how has Issa adjusted himself to the country for which he gave up all his attachments to the land of his birth, may well be asked. He speaks English fluently, he is a capable American businessman, proud of his citizenship and of what his industry has brought him. But inwardly he is Syrian, his heart is Syrian and his way of thinking is Syrian and so he will be to the end of his days.

TIMELESS CITY

Damascus, oldest of the world's great cities, at entrance to the "Street Called Straight," a stone canopied passage broken down by French bombardment.—*A. P.*



Photograph by Gabriel Bretocq

THE GRAIN MARKET OF ANTIOCH

Geographic Society Autoc

A CHRISTIAN SCHOOLGIRL OF RAMALLAH

Ramallah, the birthplace of Issa. His sisters dressed this way.

Autochrome Lumi

CHRISTIAN CLASSMATES OF RAMALLAH WEARING PALESTINE'S CHOICEST COSTUMES

Autochromes Lumière by Gervais Courtellemont

A CENTER OF TOWN LIFE IN SYRIA

Neither radio nor movie, athletics nor motorcar, has robbed the Arab café of its charm. I is the club where variety of companionship emancipates from conventional boredom. The coffee house is the recognized rendezvous for all classes of mankind, and in its rude chairs or beside it wobbly tables fellowship thrives on talk.

Peasant farmers in Syria

(Olive Grove

Beaytice Frohlich

Linda Zachariah

Linda Zachariah is representative of the very finest type of Syrian living in California. She is the wife of Dr. Simeon Zachariah of whom I have already written, and the mother of five children, the oldest of whom is twenty-one years and the youngest, eight years old.

The Zachariahs are prominent members of the Syrian colony. Both Dr. and Mrs. Zachariah are highly educated people of aristocratic background of which they are still very proud, although they are not even touched by the least bit of snobbery.

Mrs. Zachariah came from the prominent Schoukair family in Syria, a family distinguihed for its poets and writers. Her father was a national poet and also Governor of the state of Kourah in the Lebanon district. Her childhood was spent in comfort and even luxury. Her father laid great stress on education and was most progressive in his views for that time, although at present those views might in some respects be somewhat outmoded. He saw to it that his children were extremely well-educated. Linda went to school and college in Beyrouth and had a thorough grounding in Arabic and in French, later going to a French school in Paris.

All the pomp and circumstance of being the daughter of an Eastern government official was hers by right. She was at home in the best circles in Syria, both Syrian and foreign and even now numbersamong her intimate friends such people as the family of the present Governor of Syria under the French mandate, from whom they frequently still recive letters.

The Zachariahs have tried to imbue their children with love and respect for their glorious Syrian background. They even lay claim to relationship of the Prophet "Zachariah." However the children have not had enough interest to actually learn Arabic although they can

speak it. The eldest daughter has recently married a young American man, much against the wishes of her parents, who had hoped that she would be properly affianced to a young Syrian of suitable education, background and enough worldly goods to support her comfortably. They feel that she has married below her station. The Zachariahs themselves lost a considerable fortune with the oncoming of the depression, much of their money having gone with the closing of a loan and mortgage company with which they had placed it.

Mrs. Zachariah is about forty-eight years old. She has the charm and graciousness of the real lady which she is and she has an abiding love and fondness of her native land. In speaking of it to me, she said, "There is to this day still much romance left in my country. The occidentals can never penetrate beneath the surface and know us as we really are. When young people get together they sing-always sing and recite lovely Arabic poetry. Poetry is as much a part of our lives as business and success or the lack of it is a part of yours-the integral part. If you look you can still see much of the Arabian Nights' atmosphere in Syria, in spite of the modernizing of some of our cities. Even when we make a business transaction there is much coffee drinking, sherbet and conversation."

"What memories I have of the suk (market place). It is something more than a place of exchange of commodities. It is rather an occasion of varied business and social intercourse. The oriental knows no business without sociability. His dekkan(store) is a gathering place for friends and a business transaction with him is almost always preceded by a friendly visit with the customer. So, too the market is a place where the dignitaries of the town meet and exchange salutations

and discuss various interests. In the past the Arab markets were also significant conventions of literary men and poets. Discussions of all sorts of subjects are carried on at the market. And the children love to gather in the market place, play their games and watch the interesting activities of their elders.

A sense of religion and dignity permeates everything. In Syria the custom is that every measure must run over. Friendship must forever be mixed with business. Liquid measures also, of such things as oil and milk must run over into the vessel of the buyer. In my youthful mind the chief charm of the market place was the keyyal(measurer) the man who measured the wheat. The grain is sacred, therefor the language of the keyyal must be pious. As he tosses the grain, he says "Blessing" that means "one". "From God" that means "two". The midd is the wooden measure with which the measuring is done. Even such a simple thing as buying grain was clothed with poetry and religious meaning.

And much of our life was spent on the house-top. The Syrian roof is constructed as follows: the main timbers which carry the roof-covering are laid across, horizontally at intervals from two to three feet. Crosswise over the timbers are laid the kasheb(sticks long - enough to bridge the spaces between) quite close together. Over the kasheb, reeds and branches of trees and thistles are laid and the whole is covered with about twelve inches of earth. The dirt is rolled down by a stone roller and made hard enough to shed water. In many houses during the summer season, in the rainless Syrian summer, the roof is used for various household purposes. It is used for drying grain, fruit and vegetables. Festivities are held there as weddings and celebrations of all sorts and even it is used for mournful occasions as funerals.

Sleeping on the house-top in the summer is an Oriental custom

from time immemorial, the advantage of which the Occident has only recently discovered. From the house-top, men call to one another for various reasons, it is a sort of roof telephone. Messages are relayed from house-top to house-top. By night or day there are always voices calling, singing, shouting, praying. Instinctively we listened to catch the message. "The crier from the house-top!." How well-known that phrase is.

And as for women-we are classified, not according to our education but according to our virtue. A happy husband says "I lift my head high (arfa rasy) because of my wife. Her siett(reputation) is like musk in fragrance. She is taj rasy (a crown to my head) . The Syrians' noblest idea is that of the true wife and the real home maker.

"Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies!" In the thirty-first chapter of the Book of Proverbs, starting with the above sentence is a real Oriental's view of woman, a glorification of virtue, loyalty, industry, wisdom, kindness and charity.

I have found the Syrian woman to be just that, for the most part.

Mrs. Zachariah's brothers and sisters are living in Beyrouth and other sections of the Lebanon. She is hoping to visit them sometime in the near future and to take her family with her as she wants them to know the birthplace of their mother and to learn to love it as she does. She hopes to then remain there for several years and believes that in that time her children will learn the Arabic language really fluently.

Her name of "Linda" which is Spanish, she explained, was given to her by her father who travelled extensively and was well-versed in the Spanish language and loved it. Linda means "beautiful" and the meaning also appealed to him. At present her life is not so easy. The Zachariahs live very comfortably but modestly in the Mission, a far cry

from the life of a Syrian Governor's home. She does her own housework and cooking and gives lessons in Arabic or French to make a little extra pin money for herself. She is president of the Syrian Ladies' Club and her husband, Dr. Zachariah is president of the Syrian Society.

Beatrice Frohlich

Wakim Hanna

From Beirut and its vicinity come nearly all the Syrians that immigrate to the United States. Most of them are Christians and many have felt the influence of the American University, the center of advanced thought in the east. Beirut has modern improvements, modern fashions and its people are more alert and businesslike in the occidental sense of the word.

The distance from Beirut to Damascus is ninety-one miles, not a great distance as things count these days but the difference in the two cities is very pronounced. Damascus was old long before Athens had even begun to be and antedates any of the cities of the present. It is now one of the most thriving centers of the Mohammedan world, fierce and fanatical its inhabitants. It lies on the eastern side of the Lebanon mountains, about one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Jerusalem as the crow flies, about fifty-three miles from the Mediterranean. It is an oasis city surrounded by desert. It is fed by two cold, clear rivers flowing out of great springs in the mountains of Lebanon and making green this sandy plain in which they are lost. These rivers the Abana and the Pharphar of the Bible. The Abana is now called the Barada and the Pharphar is now the Barbar. The Barada is a pure, rushing river which spreads life over all that it touches. Together with the Barbar it makes green the great plain, builds up orchards of plum, peach, almond and apricot and rich fields of crops, as well as the whole city of Damascus.

Damascus lies under magnificent mountains, it has luxuriant gardens and orchards and these in turn are surrounded by deserts. It is a city of two hundred mosques besides the Great Mosque. At the right of the Great Mosque are the famous bazaars.

Damascus is the heart of the Mohammedan world. The famous Street called Straight is one of the principal highways of Damascus. It leads from the chief gate on the south to the bazaars and is about the only straight street in the city. It goes right through the city and is ~~and is~~ wide enough for two or three carriages to pass on it and it is the center of traffic. The Street called Straight is a vaulted tunnel where the light comes through little apertures in the roof which is about one hundred feet above the ~~pax~~ ground. Each trade has its own designated section and whatever it is that you wish to buy you know at once where to go to buy that particular article.

The saddle bazaar is by itself in its own particular section. The harness shops are about twelve feet deep and in each one there are two or three saddlers busy plying their trade. Harness hangs from the walls. There are saddles of all kinds for camels, donkeys, horses. There are gay trappings for Arabian steeds, leather buckets for watering the animals on the desert and there are blue amulets and necklaces of blue beads to ward off the evil eye.

The evil eye is very much feared in Syria by Christian, Jew and Moslem alike. It is believed that the color blue can counteract its evil effects and so we see it everywhere on beads, ornaments and wherever it can be placed. Almost every animal wears a necklace of blue beads around its neck or wound in its tail.

Damascus enjoys an extensive trade and its bazaars are busy, active places, colorful almost as in bible times and modernity has merely scratched its surface. In these surroundings Wakim spent his youth. His father owned a harness shop and raised horses on a small farm which he had outside of the city. Wakim helped his father in the bazaar and

Wakim Hanna

thoroughly learnt the saddler trade. As soon as his little fingers were nimble enough he was weaving leather for reins and harness and as time went on he learnt to do the more intricate work. But he was interested first and foremost in horses. They were his main interest in life. From the main interest they became his mania, his passion.

Wakim could ride horseback almost as soon as he could walk. His father's horses were of the kind that were called "Town Arabs". In other words they were not the famous desert Arabians of song and story although they had strains of the real Arab blood in them. When Wakim grew old enough to help with the horses he did so more and more until his father practically depended upon him for their care. As soon as his daily duties at the shop were finished he would hurry outside the city to the farm and here he spent all the time he could spare. He willingly tended the horses, trained them, rode them and made friends of them.

In his fathers shop a motley group of people continually passed in and out. As is the case in Oriental cities, coffee drinking and pipe smoking and friendly conversation ~~is~~ are a part of trading and business transactions. And the same customers return season after season and are greeted like old friends. In the horse-trading market also there is much sociability and exchange of hospitality and conversation. The most interesting of his father's customers from little Wakim's point of view were the Bedouins and their Schechs who at specified times came in from the desert to replenish necessities or to sell colts, camel's hair and such other articles or animals as they were wont to dispose of. Sometimes they would permit the youngster to ride their beautiful horses and while sipping coffee and smoking with his father would answer his questions about life with the Bedouins and the raising of desert horses.

More and more, as time went on, Wakim became attached to the horses and lost interest in the work at the bazaar. His father naturally could not help but notice Wakim's distraction and inclination so finally he said to him, "Son, I have decided to let you take over the breeding and sale of the horses for yourself. That will relieve me of further anxiety about them and you need not work at the bazaar which I know you dislike. This way we will both be better off. What happiness, to spend his time now with his beloved horses! Young Wakim was much elated and from then on his whole time and attention were given to his friends, the horses.

From time to time a Schech of the Anezeh Bedouins would arrive in Damascus and do some of his shopping in the bazaar shop of Wakim's father. The Anezeh are the most powerful of all the Bedouins. They are the greatest in the tribal wars and therefore they rank the highest and they raise the finest Arabian horses. They are a migrating tribe circling the desert annually. In winter they keep near Nejd in Central a Arabia where it is warm and the feed is better. As Spring approaches they start north passing Bagdad, Damascus and Deyr at which places they sell some of their colts and then proceed into the northern part of the desert near Aleppo where they spend the summer months. As fall comes they start across the upper end of the desert past Palmyra and then go down in the direction of Riad. This schedule has been in force ever since the history of the desert has been recorded. The great Anezeh tribe is divided into many tribes and sub-tribes, chief of which is the Sebaa and the one containing the finest horses. The Schech who came to Wakim's to do business with him, that is the particular one with which we are concerned, was of the Sebaa division of the Anezeh. When he conversed with Wakim and realized the intense interest the boy had in horses he recognized a kindred soul and he urged his father to let the boy go

with him to his tribe. And so Wakim went to live with the Bedouins.

There he learnt all there was to learn about horses, at least from the Oriental point of view and he knew from then on that his life would be inextricably bound up with them. It was Wakim's good fortune to know many of the famous horses of the world who were bought by connoisseurs and exported to various European countries as well as to the United States, horses who made history in the equine world. For these exportations the Sultan's permit was necessary and generally only the stallions were allowed to be taken out of the country. The Bedouins lay all the emphasis on the maternal line. The colt gets its value from the blood of the mother. They rarely consent to exportation of the mares although they will sell the male colts foaled from famous mares.

After Wakim spent years with the Bedouins, going to Damascus at intervals when the tribe wandered that way, he paid an extended visit to his father. By this time he was a young man in the early twenties and he married and should have been ready to settle down. But the Bedouin love of wandering must have gotten into Wakim's blood because he could not be content to remain in any place very long. He bade goodbye to his wife whom he never saw again as well as his child and for this action alone he has been much censured by his countrymen. He had made the acquaintance of friends of his father's who were in business in South America and through them he received commissions to export horses to the Argentine. This was an opportunity that he had been waiting for, married life irked him, he wanted to wander and he grasped at this chance. He went along with his cargo of horses and colts and from South America after having made considerable money in horse-trading and the races, he continued north to the United States.

For a long time Wakim travelled the length and breadth of the United States never staying in one neighborhood for any extended space of time. He naturally gravitated towards those places where horses were the chief interest and gradually he followed the races, sometimes making plenty of money, sometimes losing, sometimes trading in horses as well as placing bets. At times when he made money he invested in other things such as real estate deals or anything that looked good to him. He took long chances and alternately he revelled in periods of prosperity and languished in poverty. His life became one procession of ups and downs. Finally he landed in San Francisco and during a period of money, he opened a coffee shop at the beach and another coffee shop in the heart of town where the customers were mostly Syrians, Greeks, Armenians and Turks. He never stopped betting on horses during all this time and luck was generally with him. At times he over-reached himself in his undertakings and then he took to card-playing at which he got the reputation of being none too honest. Several years ago he opened a Syrian restaurant on Bush Street and it thrived for a time but he had gone into this business with two other partners and they were continually quarreling and there were constant disagreements. The depression came along and the restaurant was abandoned. Wakim was an excellent cook, especially in the preparation of Syrian dishes and it is the consensus of opinion of his compatriots that he could have made a success in the restaurant business if he had consistently stuck to that and let gambling, horse-racing and other interests alone. He also had a name in the Syrian colony of being a difficult man to get along with and on account of these tendencies of his he was never a popular member of the colony.

Wakim drifted about for some time holding various jobs as cook in different coffee shops and in beer taverns, when the repeal came. But he has a restless nature and for a variety of reasons some of which I have mentioned already, he never seemed able to remain long at any one place. At present he is back at the pastime of following the races and he can always be found at one of several gambling spots in the city. He still believes that he can recoup the tidy fortune that he once possessed and that he can do so by this means. That is in the realm of possibility on account of his thorough knowledge of horse-flesh and performance. Who knows? Perhaps he will make the grand coup one of these days.

Beatrice Frohlich

Zeibak, the Importer

The life of Mr. Zeibak reads like a Horatio Alger success story. He is a very wealthy man who owns a string of stores and he is one of the most important men ~~in~~ among the Syrians of California. Go into his beautiful San Francisco shop on Grant Avenue any morning and you will find him in his office poring over his books or his business correspondence while his polite and well-groomed salesmen attend to the front end of the shop and wait on the customers. Everything about the place breathes refinement, success and accomplishment.

I found Mr. Zeibak a charming, intelligent man of perhaps fifty years of age, a most engaging personality and very responsive, quick to reply to anything I asked and he had a most interesting life story to tell.

"To begin with", he said, "I must tell you of the place where I was born. It was in Acre, Syria. Not many Syrians in America hail from Acre. It is an ancient city, the place where the Crusaders landed from their respective countries in Europe to make their way to Jerusalem which, in their religious fervor, was their goal. Acre is near the seaport town of Haifa and the road leading from Acre to Haifa is something remarkable in its natural perfection. The shore is of level sand, wet with the sea, firm as cement. The journey along this beautiful road is a delight. There are two rivers near Acre--Kishon, the ancient, that was reddened with the blood of Baal's slaughtered prophets and the river "Belus" It is said that the Phoenicians first learned to make glass with the sand by the banks of this stream.

And those Phoenicians-you know we Syrians are their descendants-what traders par excellence they were! And so it is with

Syrians, they are a highly efficient commercial race--excellent and alert business men.

Acre seen from the bay stands boldly out into the sea. A long dark wall, heavily fortified rises out of the sea. Behind it are piled up houses-brown, blue, white with red roofs or yellow cupolas and sun-shutters of bright green, an enchanting town of many colors. The entrance through the town is through a solitary land-gate. It has a hoary history, this region, and has been the scene of many long, bloody battles. As well as being the chief landing place of the Crusaders and for long the principal Christian stronghold in the holy land, it was a place of immense walls, towers battlements, the remnants of which are still to be seen.

(One cannot help wondering, in looking at Mr. Zeibak and noting his Aryan appearance, light hair and blue eyes, that perhaps there is a strain of Nordic Crusaders' blood in him.)

From Acre, Tyre can be seen in the distance. It is humble now but once Tyre was the crowning city whose merchants sent their wares all over the ancient world. In these surroundings I spent my early youth. To the British missionary school I owe my early training for it is there that I received an excellent education and at this point I must admit that the Syrians owe much to Americans and to the English for the chance for education that they have made available to Syrian youth. But to my own Syrian background and family do I owe a certain spiritual force, a love of parents and filial obedience. With us in Syria-Ta-at-el-walideen (obedience to parents) has always been youth's crowning virtue. The greatest compliment a Syrian can give to a youth "No doubt obedient to your parents!" There is a vital difference ~~between the~~

between the point of view in these things ~~between~~ of the east and the west. To an Oriental who has just come to this country, American youth seems indifferent to filial obedience. The economic stress and strong passion for freedom in the west convey the impression that parental love and filial obedience are practically no more in this country. But in our country the sense of the religious command "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother permeates Syrian society from highest to lowest.

To my question as to how the Syrian-American youth reacts to ~~their~~ its surroundings, Mr. Zeibak answered "Most of our children are brought up in close family circles and taught the principles which we hold so dear and in the educated and financially well-off families of Syrians we still manage to hold our own, but in some of the more ignorant homes where the young have the advantage of more education than their parents enjoyed, there is considerable dissention. The children come home with ideas of which the parents ~~xxxx~~ have no conception and donot approve. But in those cases where the children have ignored their parents' wishes and gone their own way we usually find them returning to their parents again, contrite and with the feeling that their parents did know best after all and that their background is something to be proud rather than ashamed of.

So you will not be surprised to know that I had a deep , abiding love for my mother, my father had died when I was very young, and the keenest wish in my life was to make her happy and her life more comfortable. We were very poor and America seemed the Promised land, instead of the original Promised land in which I then lived. But how to get there? I finished my school years at

the tender age of ten, with the equivalent of high-school at twelve but I started school much earlier than American children do. And at thirteen I was doing any and every kind of work that would come my way. I was errand boy in some shops and of my own will I helped the merchants in their book-keeping in order to learn whatever I could about it. And so several years went by. My mother had a sister who had some means and who was living in Egypt and when I was sixteen I went to her home and lived with her. I told her how much I wanted to go to America but I couldnot save enough money for the fare from my meagre earnings which I had given over entirely to my mother for her own expenses. So I finally prevailed upon my Aunt to advance me the money to go to America, steerage, of course.

With what high hopes I started out for the Land of Promise! Young, I was only seventeen, I had only a few dollars and they were borrowed ones at that. But I was fired by ambition, I wanted to show my relatives that I could make good. But no golden portion just fell in my lap. I won such success as I had by the most profound devotion to the cause and I was a Trojan for work. The Syrian colony in New York and it is a sizeable one, centers around Washington Street and that is where I went upon my arrival to the newcountry. But the Syrians are quite cliquey. I went around the colony looking for work and work in those days was to be had if one looked for it. But very few Syrians come from Acre so when I would ask for work among my own countrymen and they were from Beirut or Damascus they refused me every time. Finally I saw it was no use.

I knew English as I had learned it in the English school in Acre and so I made a systematic effort to find work elsewhere! I became a messenger boy for the Western Union. We were paid two cents for every message delivered. And soon I was delivering

messages so fast that I became known as a perfect whirlwind. Most of the boys rested Sundays but not me. I had the privilege of working Sundays if I cared to and so I took advantage of that doubtful privilege. My little bank account started to show results.

In getting about everywhere as one would, being a messenger boy I kept my eyes and ears open and I came into many business houses and noticed everywhere that bookkeepers seemed to be a necessary part of every business. So I decided that I must be a bookkeeper with the idea to develop into an accountant. I had a good head for figures. Werent' my Phoenician ancestors navigators and mathematicians?

I talked myself into a job in a Syrian grocery store - book-keeper at thirty dollars a month. Very little money and yet I lived and ate and saved money at that rate. After several months I asked my boss for a raise which he denied me. He said that I had agreed to stay six months but I was not willing to work any longer at that low price and he thought he could intimidate me because I was young and new in the country. He paid me my cheque of thirty dollars and then told me he would stop the cheque at the bank. I went to the bank first and explained the situation to the banker. He listened to me thoughtfully and must have been impressed with my story and then said he would talk to my boss himself.

He called my boss and told him that he could not stop the cheque as I had earned the money. There was an altercation but finally the boss had to admit his defeat and the money was paid me. I had learned quite a bit about bookkeeping in these months and boldly I went into a large concern this time and applied for work as head bookkeeper. I convinced the proprietors-there were

two partners--to give me a trial of a month and then to name the salary themselves. I didnot know what they were going to pay me if they kept me but my very first cheque read-one hundred dollars--That was quite a jump and I worked for them about a year constantly improving my knowledge of books and merchandising. After a while I was almost treated like a member of the firm and gradually they left much of the details in my hands and finally I became indispensable to them. They decided to make me a full-fledged partner. They went on trips even going back to Syria for a visit, knowing that their business was well-looked after and so another year passed. But at the end of the year I demanded my share of the profits. I said that they didnot have to take the money out but I wanted to see them sign a third interest to me as they had promised and the profits could be taken out at any time that they saw fit. They flatly refused but they said if its money you want we'll give you one hundred and twenty-five monthly or even one hundred and fifty. I wouldnot listen to their proposition, I wanted my right as third partner. We couldnot come to terms and I left them.

The debt to my aunt I had paid off long ago with an additional present of extra cash, my mother I brought over to New York and I saw that she had every comfort, I married a Syrian girl of New York's Syrian colony and I had money in the bank. I opened a neighborhood grocery store of my own. In it I kept among other things, imported Syrian specialties and people started coming from all over town to buy them. Just before the war in Europe started my wife went back to Syria to visit her folks and went on to the various European cities. I had her ship imported articles to me of all kinds and

when she returned to America I sold the grocery business and we decided to take our imported goods and go to San Francisco for the exposition. I had come to the conclusion that I would supply the many Syrian peddlers and small business houses with the kind of goods that they usually sell. But I had no idea that I would remain in the West.

When we arrived here we found that we liked California tremendously and we decided to make it our home. My goods sold rapidly and I branched out opening up other shops along the coast. and imported goods to Syrian business houses in Fresno, Los Angeles and San Francisco. And here I am still, happy, prosperous and active in the affairs of the Syrian colony.

The partners in the business house in New York which I had left because they would not live up to their promise of giving me the rights of a third interest, approached me over and over again urging me to come back to them. They made up the third interest money which they had kept from me at first and offered me every inducement to return to them as partner but I was launched in my own enterprise. We are still friends and I know they regret their actions. My mother became sick and although I made frequent trips back to New York to see her I could not persuade her to come to California to live. A few years ago she died and I have always been happy to know that I was able to make her declining years happy and free from care.

Beatrice Frohlich

AFIFI GIBRAN

Afifi Gibran is well-known in the Eastbay Syrian colony for two reasons. She is a relative of Kahil Gibran, famous Syrian poet and philosopher and she does more than any local person to keep the song and poetry of the Arabs and Syrians alive and vivid here in the prosaic West.

Afifi (as all the Syrians call her) was born in Damascus of Syrian-French extraction. She is sometimes called "Gabrielle" However she considers herself more Syrian than French.

Her mother died when she was a baby and her father took her first to London and later as a young girl to New Orleans. While still a young child she showed an aptitude for dancing and singing. To help out the family's diminishing fortunes she sang and danced professionally and led the nomad life of a stage child for many years. Her mother had imbued her with a strong nationalist feeling, sang the Syrian songs to her, entertained her with stories of the colorful East and this interest planted there by her mother grew with the years.

She was an American but she loved the Oriental background which was hers by heritage and she steeped herself in its song and story . When the changes of fortune brought her to San Francisco she was welcomed by the Syrian colony which at once took her to itself. Whenever entertainment was in order Afifi could be depended upon to supply it. She played the Oud and other Oriental instruments, sang the old-world songs, danced the dances. San Francisco citizens interested in such things heard about her and she was called upon to entertain at their functions. Her mother's heirlooms, clothes, jewels and shawls were brought out

into the limelight and Afifi became launched on a career which sh is still pursuing. She is specializing on lecturing and entertainin -lecturing about her people and entertaining with their song and dance.

Afifi is an interesting and versatile person. She is adept in the art of bookbinding and she has bound beautiful, antique volumes for the prominent bookdealers. Some old Korans she has restored and bound with beautiful artistry.

She went to the University of California, taking up her residence in Berkeley, after marrying a physician, an American man much older than herself and from whom she is now separated. Her daughter is a typical American schoolgirl and shows not the slightest interest in her mother's Syrian background or interests.

While Afifi attended the University she became acquainted with Hindu students and broadened her interests to include Hindu culture and then she went on to include a keen interest in anything oriental Chinese, Japanese etc. She originated a sort of lecture recital which consisted of her telling about the various races of the far east and near east. During this lecture she changed her costumes to show what the various races were accustomed to wearing, she interpreted some of their songs and dances. It was a most inspiring program and very unusual and different and she became prominent in the bay region for that program alone.

In approximately the year 1930 I became associated with her on account of mutual interests. We together opened a studio for the purpose of fostering good-will between peoples of different nationalities. We arranged banquets, lectures, entertainments and had social evenings in the studio which was a quaint, building situated at 1147 Taylor Street. Afifi had charge mainly of the Oriental affairs while I handled those of European background.

Occasionally we had prominent lecturersfrom other towns or lands to address the guests, at other times we had travelogues and moving pictures. But we specialized particularly on themes of Arabian and Syrian character.

The banquets were mostly foreign in style and foods and again we specialized in foods of the near east. In a later writing I will give the recipes of foods which were served in our studio and which Afifi and I prepared in the eastern manner.

In November, 1930, three Arabian citizens opened an Arabian Restaurant at 960 Bush street. Later when they gave up this venture the Restaurant became the Kamokila Club and at present is the Royal Hawaiian and is merely one of the night spots of San Francisco. But at that time, the restaurant which was named "Arabian Nights" was opened specifically for the purpose of serving Arabian, Syrian and like foods. Quarrelling between the three partners led to its abandonment.

The opening night of the Arabian Nights Restaurant was a gala affair. Afifi and a company of thirty entertained the guests and the assemblage was distinguished. The following is an article which was in the Wasp-News Letter of Now. 7, 1936, concerning this event.

ARABIAN NIGHTS

Those who will attend the opening of the new Arabian Restaurant next Sunday will come away with the feeling that they have seen something really different and unusual. Many people do not know that there is an Arabian colony in San Francisco, but many a man whom one might meet in the ordinary course of things is a sheik in disguise-perhaps a Harry Kelly or John Smith, whose real name is Hassan Kalil or Joakim Mohammed. This colony is going to celebrate next Sunday with an Arabian Night's Entertainment.

Traditional playlets will be given from Arabia, Syria, Turkey

India and other points east-quaint little stories known as the Hodja Tales. They are centuries old and have been handed down from generation to generation and now are presented for the first time in English. The flavor of the Orient is in them, mainly the Mohammedan Orient. There is the Bedouin woman, the Kaleef, the Preacher,(Immam) the ladies of the Hareem and other typical characters. There will be songs and dances of those countries in authentic costume. And the weird, native instruments, the darabouke, the vina, the ood-all adding their share to the atmosphere of the evenin g. Afifi Gibran, the leading lady, if it can be said that there is a leading lady, for they will all be part of a picture- is the niece of Kalil Gibran, the famous Arabian author and philosopher, universally beloved for his masterpiece, "The Prophet." Others in the cast include---

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Anumber of dinner parties have been arranged preceding the performance and many prominent San Franciscoans and representatives of the Syrian colony have reserved tables, including the Consul of Egypt, Syud Hossein, the Mohammedan lecturer, Cantor Rinder.

When San Francisco celebrated its first Harbor Day the various foreign colonies in the city did their part by entertaining with their typical songs and dances. At that time Afifi Gibran and her associates performed at the Civic Center and it was later said that her offering was among the finest presented at that time.

During the years of 1935-6 the depression have somewhat slackened her work but as she is still in the prime of her years I believe that we will hear further from her.

Beatrice Frohlich

Selim Eastfan

Herodotus speaks of the Syrians' business efficiency and he called them the shrewdest traders of the Orient which means a great deal and they still are excellent tradesmen to this day. The Lebanon district especially of Syria is given over to industry and commerce. The Alaouite district, on the other hand which is situated just north of the Lebanon section is a land of farmers and cattle-raisers.

The Alaouite country was called the Ansariyeh before the World War. At the end of 1924 when the Syrian federation was dissolved this territory became a separate state. During the war the Alaouites, rather those tribes which became the Alaouites , stubbornly refused to provide troops or soldiers for the Turks.

In this country the mountains of the Lebanon district recede, giving way to plains and pasture lands. Formerly this country was overrun with bandits who descended upon the plains and robbed the peasants or the infrequent wayfarers. In those days there were no modern roads, the camel and horse were the only means of transit. The French have built fine roads, and installed irrigation and the country is going ahead to a fine agricultural future. Latakieh, the main city of the Alaouites was also formerly a dirty, impoverished, unhealthy town but now it boasts a city park, a boulevard, casino, hotel, library and all the other attributes of a modern city.

The farms were and still are for the most part owned by Mohammedan landowners for whom the fellahs or peasants worked under a wretched system approaching serfdom.

Selim Eastfan's father had four wives, the Alaouite's religion permits seven and the women all worked in the fields. When old enough Selim did his share of the work also, and so he learned many things not to be learned in books.

Until Selim was about fourteen years of age his life was fairly uneventful. When he was a little boy he helped in making the dung cakes which is the fuel of the Alaouites. Camel and cattle manure mixed with straw is put into a pit and stamped upon with bare feet. It is then packed into small rectangular cakes and pasted on the walls of houses or on tree trunks and used as fuel when needed. When a little older he helped in the fields for his father and sometimes for neighbors. In that section there are grain fields, cotton and mulberry are grown, tobacco and the inevitable olive .

In the fourteenth year of Selim's life a great change took place. Up to this time he was blissfully ignorant of any country outside of his own Syria He had, so he says, never even heard the word "America" About that time some people paid a visit to his home village. They were dressed in western clothes and at first they were thought to be infidels or Christians. However some of them spoke Arabic and they said they were Americans of Arabic descent. It was a small group of explorers who were on their way through Asia Minor, some French, some American and they had some French and Americanized Syrians in the party. They hired some of the village people ~~for~~ assist them in various chores and Selim was among them. Then it was ~~the~~ Selim was told all about America. He continued onward with the group and coming finally to Palestine he managed to ship aboard as cabin boy on a boat going to England.

In England he was stranded roaming around the ghetto meeting mostly Hebrews and some Mohammedans of India. But he did pick up a smattering of the English language and finally landed a job as gardener's helper on a country estate. But he was not content as he saw no future for himself in England. Thus he kept America as his objective in his mind. As most Syrians he was very thrifty and as soon as he was able he bought passage third class to the land of opportunity. For some technicality he could not enter when he arrived here and he had to return to England where he again was penniless.

He wandered around his old haunts and this time he met some Syrians, one of whom helped him get employment on the estate of the Sassoon family. The Sassoons are Parsees and Jews. They are a prominent family group of England. They own vast estates in India to which they finally took Selim. Their London Home is at 32 Bruton Square . In India, Selim was employed in their orchards and gardens. "ere he remained several years putting aside his money toward the great adventure--the trek to America.

And that finally came about. The second time he came to America he had a good knowledge of the English language and a neat pile of money to enter the land. He again went to New York and this time he had no trouble entering the country. In New York he did various odd jobs finally gravitating to the thing he knew best.- agriculture and he worked on an estate in Westchester. From there he came west and invested his savings in a property in Southern California where he specialized in the growing of oranges. One winter he had misfortune with his orange crop and lost most o- but he sold his property and came north to the vicinity of San Francisco. Here he jo[illegible] of his compatriots and opened a fruit and produce market. He and his sons go out into th[illegible] large quantities of produce, mostly from Syrian ranchers. Hence he can sell very cheaply. His [illegible] is thriving and he is fairly prosperous. He married a Persian woman and they have several sons and a daughter and the whole family work in the store and business to which they are devoted and they are most loyal and devoted to each other.

Mohammedan land-owner and his field hands in Northern Syria

The matter and question of depression can be brought into varied and lengthive discussion, the varied opinions as to the true cause may be expressed in many different ways depends largely on the circumstances and position that the party may be surrounded. The general scenses of opinion seems to be quire well founded and becoming more and more visable as we drift along with the tide. Some are more enlightened on the subject than others. Some have mustered up courage in an attempt to do something to rectify the conditions, but their efforts seemingly are all in vain. Principally due to the fact that the tide and economical structure, as well as the financial structure with its teaching is so deeply intrenched that it is seemingly impossible to inject anything outside our present limited channels for the betterment of all. Large business concerns and corporations business policies are equally as narrow as a small or one man business. The big business or Corporation's success lies and, is due to, well organized and trained employees in their respective duties, watching every move or anything that may effect that particular line that they have in charge, and this applies to all departments in an Organization, even to the president, matters of any importance all are submitted to the next higher official, all brains being concentrated to improve cut down costs of material and labor, many positions being filled by iron machines, loosing track on the human side of the business; in fact, the dollar is the only human element entered into, and is recognized by a corporation machine.

The human side of matters from the lowest to the highest in large corporations, is almost completely destroyed; office boys and presidents have been discarded due to their breakdown from pressure that was placed upon them; in fact, no more consideration than a cog in a whell if a break occured the cog is discarded and replaced by a fresh one. By all of this concentration long hours of work, fast producing machinery, it has developed into a great surplus of idle human beings not able to secure sufficient work to earn their daily necessities, of life, ~~and~~ this is now becoming a burdensome problem to the corporations, the wealth becoming concentrated more and more, the masses are beginning to feel the effects more and more. Deprived of their dialy necessities and comforts of life that each and everyone is entitled to, the whole selfish structure will become top heavy, and disaster will follow. The more wealth becomes concentrated, the easier it will be, for confiscation or adjustment.

This reminds me a little of a coincidence that happened in Golden Gate Park the other day. A well dressed man came along, seemingly known to a group of boys or children, with his pockets full of bean candies. He would not hand the candies to the children, but would throw a dozen or so into the grass to see the youngsters roll over each other each one trying to get all the candy he could, two of the youngsters got hurt which caused suffering to them. The result was that they could not scramble for the candy beans, but the others continued. The man throwing out the candy, seem-

inaly enjoyed himself to the fullest extent, even to the last when the two youngsters that were hurt, one of which was seemingly in more or less agony. No attention was given by the so called candy man to the disabled sportmakers but went on, apparently feeling happy of what he had done. This is mearly a sample of what many of us are getting, in the same manner and with the same attitude. We are fighting for existance at the pleasure of the few rich who have accumulated the greater portion of our wealth, and who are depriving us of essential necessities and pleasures in life, on account their money gods.

The so called depression is nothing but a concentration of wealth locked up by a few, by doing so they entrench themselves to accumulate great fortune later, by not entirely of money but real properties such as houses and farmlands from which our existance originates, creating a condition whereby the farmers are not able to secure adequate returns to carry on, resulting in a mortgage on their farm, finally they find themselves unable to meet his obligations, the property is then taken overy by the trustee, the farmer enslaved and the equity of the property is held by the few with their locked up wealth. This effect does not create any insentive for a man or a man with a family to establish themselves for a comfortable living on a farm, but rather drifts into cities and becomes a liability not only of support, but the younger generation growing up in a wrong enivronment, the results many times may not make its appearance until some later day, every wrong doing will right itself with a penalty, large or small.

Another factor involved in the depression; that is, many of our people in the United States that came here from foreign countries made good money in business and salaries, many of which had no intention of becoming a citizen, worked to accumulate all the money they could, much of which was sent to their land for investment or support of their people. In addition; during prohibition times money for liquor was flowing very freely to foreing countries for liquor. These factors had an indirect influence in bringing about the conditions that we are confronted with at the present. We are still infested with many such influences. For example will site one caste and that is the Shell Oil Co. Some few years ago they sold many millions of dollars in bonds in the United States. They do business principally on American money, but practically all of their dividends flow through several channels into their main office in London, thus causing a considerable drain.

~~Adolph Forth~~

Michael Antonius, Syrian

A few words on so called the recent depression;

We fully realize that there is a law of gravity, that goes up must come down in one form or another. Since the beginning of the war in 1914 everything started on an upward grade, quantity of production prices of commodities as well as the standard of living, and it so continued until about three years ago when trings began to waver, faced with over-production, prices began to drift and waver finally started on a downward grade, manufacturers tried to hold up their top standard of production, price cutting here and there made its appearance, finally they were faced with a great surplus of manufactured material and products on hand, with not sufficient money on hand to meet their obligations, which resulted in a curtailment of production, thus causing them to reduce employment in order to meet their payroll. Banks began to see the handwriting on the walls, also reduced credits, purchasing power began to drift lower, and so one thing after another was forced to seek a lower level, a momentum of the condition started and evidently could not be stopped until the whole structure reached a level beyond what it ordinarily should reach, and this was due to the fact that everything was going too fast and drifting in a realm too high for the present days and conditions. The conditions and high level that we were enjoying three years ago, may possible be an ordinary level fifty or seventy five years from now. High levels, as of three years ago cannot be maintained, for we

were not ready for them, this required many years to build up a high standard level as we had three years ago, and maintain the standard. We all can realize by reading history that the lowest trend of our depression reached a few months ago, is far above the standards of fifty years ago, while there are many out of employment, but these conditions will automatically be adjusted in course of time, when hours of labor are lowered, this naturally must come, this adjustment may be somewhat painful to our capitalistic structure but cannot be any harder than for a man thrown out of employment. We are now undergoing the trend of adjustment for labor, the level to which this will reach is not known, but must reach a point where any man can make an honest, comfortable and decent living, that of which we are at present deprived of by our capitalistic regime. If this adjustment is not mad within a course of two years or so, capital will destroy itself by its power and selfishness. That which he has taken shall again return, which law applies the same as the law of gravity. This is now becoming more evident and soon will make it felt. If capital does not volintarily make the necessary labor and hour adjustment, there may be a danger in compulsory adjustment forced upon the structure, which may bring about a dangerous over adjustment, the same as our present depression, which threatened many of our big business concerns. We are now confronted at an era of readjustment vaulintair adjustments are the safest and will pay big dividends in the future, compulsory adjustments are always

dangerous and may lead to extremes. This has become evident but not fully realized by our big business concerns.

The fundamental cause of our depression in the United States, as well as in many foreign countries, is due to the fact that the people of the entire world have not reached the point of a higher education. What we mean, educational training along the human element and spiritual side of matters, such as dietetics, the foundation of all health, wealth and happiness. For example, a man is generally iritable more or less, when there is some ailment or iritation in his body. Now what causes the ailments or iritations. All of these conditions originate from but one source, and that is his stomach. The reason for most all our ailments is due to the fact that we consume too much protine and starches, in a highly refined form. Many of which are almost devitalized and demineralized thus upset the chemical balance in a stomach, causing an acidity, which brings with its action all ailments known to medical science, except such that are caused by force or accident. Millions of lives have been lost prematurely to old age on account of the lack of knowledge along dietetic lines. Medical science are, year after year, drifting further and further into the idea of treating symptoms instead of the cause, for the reason that they find it more profitable and so upheld by the powerful medical trust. Then comes along our powerful food trust also with their educational programs, working in harmony with medical

science leaving remote possibilities for any man to bring about natures health educational programs, which should be taught in each and every one of our educational institutions. History proves that countries where natives live on natural foods are not infested with diseases as they are in countries where highly refined foods are consumed as their main diet, this creates diseases, brings about nervousness, iritability, unrestfulness, discontentment, hate, jealousy, strife and wars, and finally winds up with horrible deaths such as cancer, etc. which could not have happened had the body received the proper sixteen chemical elements which is required to maintain a healthy body.

Food science will save the world, if we will permit the proper education program to be taught in our schools. Very seldom you see or hear of a healthy person that is irritable, selfish and greedy, if he does prove such acts, it is generally found that he was forced to do so by someone in that condition.

Adolph Forth

Michael Antonius

Conditions of the kind that we are confronted with at the present time are peculiar in circumstances, no one seems to know just what channel to pursue, however the common masses of people are becoming better informed as to the true conditions that they are laboring under and how they were duped in past century by a few that are now considered in the capitalistic class, having the power and control of the wealth of our country, that is the financial wealth. The poor class, as well as the wealthier class were the servants of the few. This is becoming a matter of realization, and also is beginning to show its effect which, however, is, and must come gradually, so as not to cause too great of a disturbance in our business structure, otherwise it may cause to create revolutionary action, which would result in a very painful destruction and adjustment and lead to extremes. Even tyrants are coming to the rescue of the masses, for the mear fact that they can see the handwriting on the wall that it is to their advantage for their own good, also that they have some human thoughts and feeling left within them, in fact possible as much as any human has, however in their struggle and greed they have forgotten the human side of matters, and now since conditions are such that they either having suffered great losses and are coming to a realization or a time to analize conditions and themselves, they find that they have been traveling on the crest of waves, with no solid foundation, they are now endeavoring to bridge

the way from where we were to where we expected to land within a few years. Dwindling sagments will ultimately destroy us unless reactionary changes are placed in effect, and the people are made stockholders of the nation. At present we have two classes of people, the man that rules, and the man that knows. They have nothing in common, and no middle grounds for meeting, therefore, the man that rules knows not the desire and needs of the man that knows, the man that knows has made the man that rules, placed him in power and financial position. Through series of changes the man in power with his powerful finances proping up to such an extent that he has lost track of all the human sides of matters, until it has become unbearable, the man that knows has begun to weaken the top heavy powers, and will ultimately cause a trend to weekening of the capitalistic powers, and this may start a momentum that may carry the downward trend beyond the danger line thus cause disaster to some of our large institutions or business concerns. Warning of this situation, no doubt, has come to their attention, but apparently not recognized still clinging to the belief that their money power will carry them through Money is powerful, but words spoken properly carries a much greater power with lasting forces. At present, nearly all of us are slaves, particularly the man that knows. He is tied down hands, body and soul by capital, and has been made and afraid to break the shackles, and become unemployed as many

millions are. He has limited himself unconsciously to the extent that he is a slave to money and its powers. These conditions are brought about by money power, compelling a man that knows to produce more and more as he grows with knowledge of the particular business, not realizing that he is undermining himself, little by little, until some day when he has given the best part of his life to money, finds himself in a condition that he is unfit to carry on and produce sufficient to meet with the demands, resulting, in what is termed old age, whereas he sould be, at that age, entering into his most productive area, but he is failing. Why? because money power has trottled the secret of how to maintain youth and health. The secret, or commonly known as knowledge of life is known to many but unable to teach, on account of our educational system. A little less business and more health and social educational system in our public schools will bring about a wonderful prosperous and healthy condition for our wonderful country that we are living in, and will produce a wonderful condition for the future. Thus eliminate the tense strife for a mere existance, when we have and can grow supplies that are nedessary in abundance.

A. Forth

Sub; Antonius. Syrian

Depressions come and go, but the soul lingers on, worrying through life, grouping and battling, which all seems as silly after all is said and done, often wondering what it is all about, why all the strife fret and worries when there is abundance of everything at our midst, if necessary our resource could be developed to such an enormous production that the U.S. could almost supply the entire world with the necessities such as material feed and clothing, now what is the answer to all of this so called poverty stricken people, millions of people subsisting on charity, and why is it necessary that we are compelled to resort to charity! The answer to the whole sum and sustance is lack of proper education or education along the proper lines, which at present and for the past generati n has been withheld and not permitted to be taught in our public schools, some say this is not true, others that have studied the sources of our conditions and they fully realize and can see the root of our capitalistic evils that exist, not only in the U.S. but nearly all countries. Questions are brought up as to why if there is anything better for the masses of the people, why is it not taught to them. The answer to this is the same as to Why are there so many idle people and why are they not working at profitable productive labor. For the simple reason that capital finds it cheaper to feed the unemployed, and keep the present employees working at top notch speed with long hours than it is to shorten hours for a working man. This method will keep the man employed at full time in a certain physical and mental state that he is afraid to call his soul his own, and the man on charity is battling trying to make ends meet with the little dole that is being prescribed by the so called administration which is made up of a dictatorial leader and a group of yes yes advisery board, carrying out suggested policies by the so called DOCTOR and so carried on down the line regardless of its application and fitness. Why is this being carried out in the manner and so succesfull By the selection of the proper yes yes men and with the

the extra money added on to make it an inducement to carry out the prescribed policy handed down by the dictorial money power. How is this right or wrong, is this what the living soul requires in life to maintain a healthy condition for our wonderful country and resources that were put here for all to enjoy ,or was it intended for but a few, if it was intended for but a few, why do they not enjoy themselves to a greater extent, they have all the money to buy whatever they want and the very best and still they seem to be envel ped with unhappiness and misery, strifing to catch that last dollar that is circulating not under their control. Is it the dollar that they are actually after, or is it that they are seeking happiness through this channel. The opinion is that they are seeking happiness, without the slightest idea as how to find it, as all visable channels and the real beauty of life are closed doors to him. He has not the time t o allow his thoughts to roma the hills and valleys and along the ripling streams but is compelled to keep his eyes on the paved highway, with a terrific speed in order that he may not drop o'f the edges and fall ove the precipes, passing countless of flowers and beauty of nature without having noticed any of them. Arriving at a stopping point tired and miserable. Not having anything to talk about except that fast trip, which of course is merely a secondary idel talk to beauty and nature lovers that enjoy life to a greater extent. All beauty comes from nature, and will so remain until destroyed by artifical means nad manner. Artifical means and manners do not express real beauty.

Nature a beauty penetrates to the extent that it is permitted after that it r flects a reflection of good is creative, a reflection of bad is destructive and there is a time when all of these creative forces make their visable appearance.

Capital dictotes to man rich or poor, the richer the greater slave to capital. The sences of opinion is that a man should be limited not to control any more than a certain amount of wealth. [illegible]

but for his own sake, to protect him from a too far downfall. Ashort fall may not cause any great damage, but a high fall invariably causes considerable damage and destruction, not only to himself but all associates have you ever traced the history of a professional gambeler, he will play his game honest or crooked any way shape or form that he thinks he can get by with in order to win the money, and may possibly accumula e a forunte, but there comes a time when he will lose all that he gained. He has lost all account no limit, and no able to control himself. Otherwise a limit in many cases would have saved him from losing all of his money. Not only that he will have the satisifaction of having reached a man's limit, he would naturally take life more easy and enjoy himself to a greater extent and reflect happiness to others that are still battling to reach the limit, when they can say. Well done, and enough to enjoy myself to a greater extent.

Adolph Torth

Syrian

On the return to private life from the army, not having any particular ability or trade to go to, he went from place to place in search of some work. Common ordinary trades of labor never appealed to him. He traveled the entire coast and studied conditions, and looked for opportunity to enter into some business. Not having much money, he found that the business that he wanted required more capital than what he had. Finally, he found that it was necessary for him to buckle down to one thing or another on account his finances running low. He landed in Los Angeles, where he met some of his countrymen who were in the merchandising business, dealing principally in imported wearing apparel. He decided that that would be a good line to sell. Not having any training in salesmanship, with a little coaching, he started out with a certain number of samples, such as pajamas, underwear, robes and articles of that nature. Many of the articles were American made, except that they were copied from oriental designs; however, all was of first class material and workmanship. He sold for a very high price, some of the articles netted him one hundred percent profit. It seems that ~~Mr. Antonius~~ Mecha is a typical Syrian gentleman, with a good personality, he believing that he could sell the merchandise principally on account of his knowledge of the materials as they are made in the old country. After more or less study and rehearsing his sales program and manner of presentation, he felt that he was qualified to attempt his new business venture, he left Los Angeles for Pasadena as advised by his firm, with some leads. The first

day was one of preliminary work for appointments, however, the second day, he received an order for a forty dollar bath robe, with leads to others, some of which were very valuable customers later on. His first call proved fruitless due to the fact that his introduction was not from the proper source, ~~however~~, he found out the reason why he was not recognized, immediately set out to get a start from the proper channel of introduction. First called on the secretary of a wealthy gentleman that he wanted to see. The secretary being interested in the garments and made an appointment for him to call at his home on a certain time and day when his wife would be there. Not only samples were displayed before them but many very attractive garments were brought over from Los Angeles, garments that would interest them. The garments all were marked up to a very high price; however, for an introductory offer they would reduce the prices twenty five percent, with the understanding that the lady would make special efforts to display the garments that she purchased at a party or tea given at the home of the wealthy gentleman. A few days later Mr. Antonius received a call from the lady of the house. The firm immediately made a special selection of garments and what not which were delivered in proper carrying cases at their mansion, ~~at a given time to arrive~~ shortly after Mr. ~~Antonius~~ Wisker called. The delivery of the parcels were made by an especially fine delivery car. After the display of the articles it was learned that there was a certain garment that the lady wanted, ~~with a~~ telephone call and the garments arrived within a short

time, this was a very profitable day for Mr. Antonius, leaving there with approximately a five hundred dollar sale. The original sale was approximately four hundred, the balance of one hundred dollars was made account a reduction in prices on other articles that were not so much in demand. Oh what a day. A months wages in one day for ~~Antonius.~~ This was not all, he also was given a card of introduction to a friend of this wealthy man Antonius realizing the fact that the friend being in the merchandising busines , he could not get by with the absorbenant prices, so he decided that he would try to sell him ~~a bill of~~ goods for his store for retail purpose, and this idea worked out very nicely, but with a smaller margin of profit, but a good business, principally on account the sale to the wealthy party. In a few months time, found it more difficult for his importer to secure the class of merchandise, principally on account the war conditions. Growing worse as time went on, finally it became necessary to look for other line or livelihood. However, in the eight months or so made a very handsome profit, and enough money saved up to enter into some business that could be carried on with less than ten thousand. Trying one thing and another, finally came to San Francisco leas~~ed~~ one of the highest class apartment houses. At first business was good with full house, serving old country style dishes which were very popular. However, as time drifted on, and the so called depression became more noticeable, the guests began~~ning~~ to complain that they ~~cannot~~ couldn't make ends meet, some leaving for

of stopping the indulgence, he decided that he would limit himself and that will answer the future question, but later in years he realized and wished many times that he had stopped drinking the strong drinks at the time when he began to realize the effect, he would be far better off today. He is now suffering from the effects, and realizes that the liquor and indulgence, from the time he was a youngster, to this day, has caused him a little fortune, many unhappy days, and finally resulted in a complete breakdown. (This will be explained in a later issue) Next paragraph is * *

Mickey was a very powerful man, physically as well as mentaly, until later years. He knows not the power of his success, in fact, most all Syrians are very powerful, and they are great people to venture. Many leave their native country, for a while, to seek a fortune, and a big majority do make it. They, in many cases, return home to their people to display their success. Many enter business, others lobby around, critisize, disapprove, and even critisize their government, some even defy their government, in which case, the man generally finds himself in the military service, and those that enter business in most cases, become dissatisfied and want to get away. In nearly every case they realize very little out of the property that they paid a handsome price for: they leave for other parts to make another fortune, and most of them return to the United States where they made their first, so-called, fortune, be it large or small.

~~To be continued.~~ ~~Adolph Forth~~

left behind, and the good father that provided so well for him. Nearly every night after retiring he would spend at least a few minutes in meditation, ~~and~~ of the ones that he left behind, the good old home where he was born and raised and the many other things that he had to leave behind.

Shortly after, his father sold his home and moved to Egypt, ~~and~~ about the same time, the girl that he loved decided to come to the United States, arriving at Cairo, Egypt, she met a man and was married. With all these happenings, the old home sold, the girl that he loved was married, changed many of ~~his~~ plans that he had in mind for the future. In fact, he grew very much disgusted, and never made friends with girls for ten years. He left for Virginia to visit a countryman ~~friend~~, then to Lafayette where he started a saloon, which proved a success. Having the roaming fever, sold his business and left for Beaumont, Texas.

~~Adolph Forth~~

To be continued.

Mickey was given every advantage possible,
~~Being that he had~~ every ~~opportunity that he wanted~~, he decided to first get a good education, ~~that~~ his parents were willing to give him, he finally entered what was known as the American College founded in 1864 by Dr. Henry Van Dyke taking up Turkish, Arabic~~ish~~, English and French. This is now called the American University and covers 75 acres. This course cost him 130 pounds a year for tuition and board.

He found himself very successful in his studies, wrote articles for newspapers that surprised the publisher as well as himself, as he was burning with love and ambition, this was at the age of 17. [illegible]

A horse, gun, and women were the height of ~~his~~ his ambition. A horse to carry him, a gun to protect him, a woman to love him. This is what forced Mickey to forge ahead and prove himself a real man. He had a horse which was exceptionally well trained, ~~an Arabian horse~~, and became an exceptionally good horseman while attending college. His father also had a horse, both these horses were trained for fighting. Several other young men in the neighborhood had horses that were trained. They would occasionally stage a war manuver. His father being exceptionally well posted in this line of sport, generally walked away with the honors, with the exception of two occasions, when Mickey and his pals planned a worrier or manuver contest, ~~and~~ this

Continued page 4

Michael Antonius

2. At the age of 18, while attending the University, competing with his fellow students, he studied ~~so~~ hard ~~at times~~, ~~putting in so many hours~~ averaging 12 hours a day ~~in~~ studies.

Not being accustomed to hard work, life became somewhat of a drudgery, sacrificing many hours of pleasure that some other fellow students took advantage, not that he couldn't afford it, as he had a sufficient allowance, but felt that he wanted to master his assigned studies and rank amongst the highest in the class, and so he did. However, in later months, the long hours and hard studies became a drudgery, growing more careless and reckless, finally decided his journey of adventure. His father, ~~now being~~ in Egypt, engaged in the liquor business, doing a big business.

3. Mickey asked his father for his approval of his ~~intention~~, this was granted, realizing that the boy was burning with ambition, gave him fifteen hundred dollars as a start for him in a business venture. His father being a young man, once upon a time, himself, realized fully the feeling and desires of a young man of that age. Mickey immediately informed the principal of his school that he was about to leave the College to set out to make a mark for himself. Realizing that he was fairly well equipped with knowledge of the business world, together with his education, he felt that he was well able to

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master any problems that may confront him, which, however, did not always prove out fully as he anticipated, but did not encounter any serious difficulties. Obsticals that developed during his travels ~~was~~ mearly a step to greater knowledge, realizing this, he was prepared and sometimes felt that the more problems that confronted him, the greater and more powerful he would be some day. His first great test came when he was about to leave on his journey, and bid his sweetheart goodbye. His other friends ~~now~~ did not matter so much and later, after his girl got married he began to realize that his little love affair was mearly a dream and a matter of thought that he allowed his mind to dwell upon, but soon came ~~to~~ realization that there were many other girls that were her equal. So the whole matter of affairs was dismissed from his mind, leaving him without a girl to think of, but with greater knowledge of how some of the love affairs come and go in a persons life. This experience proved a disapointment to his thoughts and belief in his younger days. Not only his love affairs but his business venture turned out to be somewhat different than what he visualized same to be. But found that his experiences proved ~~out~~ to closely coincide with the information and advice that his father gave him from time to time. One particular instance when his father informed him that it is possible for a man to be well to do financially and broke in six months thereafter, this he could not see, as

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he thought that after having a certain amount of wealth that he would have that much and more later, and found that his father was right in a few years thereafter.

continued 5. On the steamer sailing for the United States I met a very fine gentlemen, an American, who became very friendly. This man had a wide business experience from ~~whom~~ him I learned and received much good advice regarding the methods ~~in~~ of doing business in the United States, one thing particularly which I remembered very distinctly, which proved true to me later in my business life, and that was, do not try to do business on any great extent with his own countryman, for the reason that sooner or later there will be a decided advantage taken directly or indirectly by either party due to their personal acquaintance. (The writer does not fully agree in this. Much of this can be avoided if a person has the proper ability to judge personal character.

at the age of 19 he - - -

~~A. Forth~~

continued on page 7

was planned in a manner that Mickey's father did not see in time. The plot that was worked out by the boys, was to trap him. In the final the elder acknowledged his defeat, and this proved a great day for Mickey.

Proud of his victory, and a hero in the eyes of his sweetheart and pals. This brought a great confidence in his young life, growing greater with ambition and adventure, having mastered successfully several years of University studies, being able to speak four languages felt that he was well equipped to shift for himself, and do big things for himself.

At the age of 19 he decided that he would go to South Africa and start some kind of a business. The two weeks of preparation shall never be forgotten. Some farewell receptions were given in the honor of Mickey. In these receptions he received advice of all descriptions, in fact, so many that he was finally compelled to forget all of them and follow his own conscience dictations.

Mickey set out for South Africa, arriving at Marsalles met a countrymen, who persuaded him to come to the United States with him. Needless to say, that it did not take much persuasion to change his mind. They were off for, what was known to them, the good old U.S.A.

Arriving at New York with approximately a thousand dollars, with courage and ambition, but there was always something lingering in his mind, mostly the girl that he

Michael Antonius (Syria)

Michael (nick-name Mick) was born in 1884 near Cedars of Lebanan, Dair-Elkamar, a short distance of Al-Republic Abenes a city of 15,000 inhabitants.

The memory of Mickey's life began at the age of five years, when he was still nursing on his mother's breast, he began to realize and felt that he was a young man; grew ashamed to think that a young man of his age and leader of his playmates, he immediately discontinued his nursery. In later years he began to realize that this good old fashioned nursery is what made him strong, healthy and vigerous, and placed him in the leadership of his playmates or gang, also being the only child, he received advantages that some of his playmates did not get.

Toys were practically unknown to Mickey or other children in that neighborhood, their amusements consited chiefly in a physical way. His pet goat, Rumpey, being on the alert, was one of his greatest amusements, which was at the age of seven, Mickey trained the goat when very young to use his instinct, or goats habits of defense, to bump with his head. This was a daily amusement for Mickey and his playmates, however, after Rumpey grew up, this kind of sport did not appeal to the youngsters so much, on account of Rumpey being on the alert at all times for someone to stoop or play in a certain manner, Rumpey being the judge of his actions, frequently upset some of the youngsters playing by his swift action and bumping.

The rough sport of Rumpey caused him to land in the pasture with the flock of goats.

After loosing Rumpey as a playmate, a swimming ~~party~~ club was organized, Mickey being the organizer. The swimming pool being quite a distance from the house, a definate time was set ~~for~~ to go swimming each day. This created considerable enthusiasm and a lot of fun for himself and playmates and each morning Mickey would wait patiently for the afternoon hour to arrive, for the playmates to gather, and leave for the swimming pool. This was the happiest hour of the day.

~~At~~ The age of nine ~~years~~ shall not be forgotten ~~on account~~ because of the lesson that he learned from his playmates. The custom was that the first Thursday in February ~~was~~ is set aside as a holiday, or considered so, for everyone to drink hard drinks (Anisette). Mickey and his playmates early on Thursday morning prepared their food and provisions. A Goat skin filled with wine, started out for the near ~~top~~ forest of cedars to a cave and a well. The cave ~~being~~ was a natural erosion of nature, and the well, ~~or~~ a spring ~~lined~~ for centuries. The cave was deep enough to accomodate fifty people. A hard effort of forest climbing ~~settled~~ ~~themselves in~~ the cave to eat and drink wine mixed with snow; efforts were made to give proper and appropriated speaches ~~to~~ the pirates cave. After a few hours of amusement they consumed all of their eats and drinks. They started their journey homeward so as to reach

home by six in the evening, as instructed by Mickey's mother. Mickey ~~being~~ as the leader, naturally felt that he had to take the lead in drinking wine. On the journey homeward he found that things were not as well as should be; however, they managed to reach home im time for a delicious dinner. The dinner consisted chiefly of Okra stew. Everyone enjoyed the dinner but Mickey; however, Mickey was happy to see his playmates enjoy the dinner. After the playmates left and returned to their homes, Mickey said to his mother, "I did not feel like eating but was happy to see the boys enjoy their dinner". The mother said that happiness comes from making others happy. Misery comes from making others miserable.

Mickey was very much impressed with the social customs that prevailed in that part of the country. No family, except on rare occasions, would spend their evenings alone, if some neighbors did not call ~~on or~~ before a certain hour, they would go out and call on some neighbors that were at home. To spend the evening, occasionally the elders would call at a home and visit where Mickey did not find ~~his equal~~ any playmates; ~~and~~ this spoiled the evening for him. Especially prepared ~~meals~~ or good cooked meals were not eaten without someone being invited to participate in ~~the especially prepared meal~~ eat the meal, and many times Mickey's friends were the lucky ones to ~~participate~~ be invited. After the age of nine Mickey was allowed to carry the prepared dough to the public bake ovens where the bread was baked. The ovens

The house Mickey lived in was five hundred years old and is still standing there today. Built of stone, very comfortable and cozy. In the cold, snowy, winter days, Mickey would love to build up a big fire in the fire place with charcoal, then lie down in front and dream of his future. From the age of seven, most of his evenings were spent ~~at~~ the community story teller, the admission ~~was~~ three cents which included a cup of coffee. Stories of all descriptions were told and read by this man. Music also played a big part in the young mans life. ~~At the age of 19, Mickey became a great leader of Arabian knights, looking for adventure.~~

~~Shortly afterwards the family moved to Egypt for economical reasons.~~

same of page 5 second part

To ~~be continued.~~

~~Adolph Forth~~

Michael Antonius

Because ~~Being that~~ Mickey ~~was~~ the only child, and his parents were quite well to do financially, he received many things, and pleasure that average youngsters did not get. ~~good things that were an asset to life~~. His father bought him a cat that seemed almost human. The cat understood most anything that he was told, that is, pertaining to his daily life and duty, as well as ~~in~~ ply, ~~on account of the exceptional ability of the cat to understand and do.~~ Mickey thought that there was no other cat in the world that could equal him, ~~while~~ he was not ~~the~~ pet for outdoor sport, but furnished ~~the~~ amusement in and about the house in conjunction with his two birds.

The cat would never touch or eat anything without first given ~~the~~ permission. When there was anything about the house that appealed to his smelling taste, he would eitherstand or lie down close by and remain until he was either given a part of the article to eat, or told to get away, that, same was not for him.

One day the lady of the house placed some meat in the air cooler but left the door open. A neighbor cat happened around where the cooler was so the cat of the house immediately picked up the piece of beef steak carried same in the kitchen and placed it in the lap of Mickey's mother. Noticing the strange cat, they immediately set about to make a thorough test to see if their loving pet cat, really had the intelligence as appeared. They ~~and~~ found ~~similar~~ reoccurences under similar instances later. This became a talked of cat in the neighborhood, Mickey being the proud pall.

This with his two birds, one of which was a Golden Oral, golden feathered, the size of a canary. Its singing was of a very sweet rolling tone, and his Bulbul, black feathered with yellow spots, size of a quail bob tail. This Bulbul would learn to talk and sing very quickly and understand the language. Always at the beck and call of the lady of the house, he would come and go at the command. Hasson is the canary and Bulbul, the one is singing cheerfully, while the other is jumping from shoulder to shoulder talking to them. The guests of the house are squatting on a demasques made mat in the liven, under a jasamine tree, very fragrant when flowering. Clear air, bright moonlit nights with a breeze flowing over the trees caused occasionally a flower to fall, gave considerable amusement. A game was played; the one that was bledsed with the most number of flowers to fall on them would be considered, as we term it, eithere the queen or king for the evening. This afforded a very beaufiful and enjoyable pass time, particularly for Mickey, his sweetheart, and playmates. In fact the amusement very popular in the season when the flowers were falling.

This, however, did not play the cupid part with Mickey as it did with some of the young men and women. As Mickey realized that he could not be contented to settle down until such time when he could prove some greater experience and greater knowledge of the world and prove to his sweetheart that he is worthy of marrying her.

Syrian

S.G. Saklem, Syrian, was born near the city Antioch in a suburb called Bateyos in Syria, which is situated between Asia Minor and big Asia.

There were nine in the family. His mother is still alive at the age of ninety-one, living in Riverside, California with one of his brothers.

Mr. Saklem learned his trade in silk, weaving and making garments and shawls. He informed me that the pure silk materials manufactured there never wear out; that he himself still owns silk garments that are more than sixty years old, and that many girls when getting married, and who are too poor to buy a wedding dress, wear the same dress that the mother wore when she was married.

Travel there is mostly by caravan. The country is tropical, or semi-tropical. Fruits are grown the year round, figs, grapes, pomogranates, pears, and apricots. Antioch is a veritable Garden of Eden, according to a travel writer, so said Mr. Saklem.

Singing there is not by note or ear. People gather together and sing. At the age of sixteen Mr. Saklem went to a sort of park some thirteen miles from Antioch. The dances there were a motion of up and down, a sort of vertical dance, I should say. The religion is the ancient Armenian and Protestant. The ancient Armenian is somewhat similar in ritual

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to the Episcopalian. At the age of fourteen, owing to the death of his father, young Saklem set out to support the family. For a time he travelled with a missionary who was a consul living in a sea port town. Later on he travelled for a doctor, acting as interpreter. This doctor lived in Tarsus. In this way he supported his mother and brothers and sisters, travelling in and around Beirut and Tarsus.

He came to our country at the age of twenty-one. For a time he worked in a steel mill, also machine shop, and also an inventing establishment, learning the language all the time. Finally his brother came over to be with him and Mr. Saklem began travelling in the picture business and has always been in it ever since. He is married and has two boys. He is a citizen.

Mr. Saklem told me that when the World War spread into Turkey that his folks retired into the mountains until they were finally informed that a French cruiser was ready to take them away.

Fragments of the ancient wall still surround Antioch. The city had no sanitary system when Saklem lived there. It was under the rule of Turkey. The Armenians, Syrians, and Greeks do not like the Turks. However, the better class of Turks do not drink, and are to an extent, honest. The Turks consider the Armenians and others, dogs, and speak to them as

such.

While drinking was not so prevalent as it is now, still the better class of Turks do not drink. This, before France began its mandate over this section, was to a great extent universal, but since the war this has not been so much the case, as a large distillery was built, and since then drinking has been far more prevalent.

Under Turkish rule, conditions were very bad, particularly under the Sultan Ahmed. This condition has become much better under French rule.

Mr. Saklem related an incident concerning his brother Abraham, who when seventeen, left school and was travelling to a relative. His school books he carried with him. It was necessary that he be searched at certain given points, and in the searching an essay that he had written in school scoring the Turks was uncovered. The boy was arrested and spent eight months in prison. A Turkish prison is probably as mean a place to be confined as there is, according to Mr. Saklem. The men are herded in together and sleep close together on mattresses on the prison floor. Fleas and lice prevail. Through a missionary the English ambassador interceded with Sultan Ahmed and, in one of his better moods, he pardoned the boy. When informed that he was pardoned, the boy shivered for he had known of others being pardoned

and then shot when leaving outside the prison walls. However, in his case, the pardon was authentic.

The depression has hit Mr. Saklem's business sadly. However, he is well pleased with America.

Beatrice Frohlich

n

Maria Kabe

The life story of Maria is not one of dramatic high-lights. It is rather the simple, poignant tale of how an untutored foreign peasant woman overcame handicaps to become a successful American business woman.

Maria was born in a small village in the Lebanon district, at the foot of Mount Lebanon. Her parents were poor peasants who worked the land for a landowner who pocketed practically all that the family were able to pay and a very bare living was all they had for themselves. She was the only daughter but there were several brothers. The whole family,mother, father, sons and daughter worked the fields. They were Greek-Catholics as most Syrians living in that vicinity and loyal to their religion. In due time Maria married a neighbor's son and as far as she was concerned she would have been perfectly content to remain in her status forever. But her young husband had friends who had gone to America and tales drifted back to distant Syria how marvellous the new land was and how progressive its people. So Ishak, the husband, broke the news one morning to his wife that he was all ready and had made arrangemants to go to America. That he would send for her when he was able. Maria pleaded with him. She was content as things, she didn't wish him to leave her but he had his mind made up and as a true daughter of Syria, she bowed to her lord's wishes and told him that she would wait patiently.

San Francisco was his objective because his friends lived here. Upon arriving he immediately took steps to become a citizen. All Syrians coming to America, that is with very few exceptions, do the same thing. The next step was to try and earn a living. Again he did the usual thing that Syrians do upon arriving here. He became a peddler. He sold laces of various kinds and cheap imported objects from the Holy Lamd. In this work he naturally had to wander about a great deal . For five years he slaved at his work and didnot even write to his wife because nobody at her home could read anybow :

Maria Kabd

The feelings of the wife left at home can easily be imagined. No word from her husband to whom she was naturally devoted because the ignorant peasant woman of Syria knows nothing more important to herself than her mate. Was he alive, was he making a living? How could she know;but her husband in America was putting aside the nickels and quarters so that he could finally send for her. This he did in 1926, five years after he had left Syria. He sent enough money for her brother, too because he knew that Maria could never make the trip alone.

Ishak had a little home fixed up for them in Berkeleywhich was all ready for them upon their arrival. Poor little Maria was completely bewildered. She couldn't adjust herself to this new environment. Everything frightened her even to the plumbing. Her husband and brother were away from home for long stretches at a time and she was left entirely alone, frightened, homesick. She never left the house, no neighbors called, they thought she was queer.

Ishak and Ezekiel, her brother had become very much Americanized. They spoke English well enough, they wore ordinary American clothes. They were constantly meeting people and getting acquainted. But they were ashamed of Maria and wouldnot let anyone meet her. I met them at the Syrian clubrooms and rumors started floating about that Ishak had a wife who had recently arrived from Syria.

I asked Ishak one day to tell me the truth. Had his wife arrived from Syria and where was she living and why had he not brought her around to the club and to other places to meet his friends. He answered me very reluctantly. "Yes, his wife had come to America but she was very homesick, she couldn't get used to American clothes, or customs and couldn't seems to learn English." That seemed strange to me. She was young, he admitted that and good-looking too. Well what was the trouble? He didn't know what the trouble was but that was the case. In reality he was ashamed of her. My interest and curiousity was aroused. I made up my mind to be a detective on my own and find out where she lived. Ishak had admit-

ted to me finally that their home was somewhere on Shattuck Avenue. That was as much as I could get out of him. So whenever I had a few hours to spare I would wander up and down Shattuck Avenue looking somehow for clues. Nobody knew them but finally one day, my persistence was rewarded. I noticed a little rear dwelling that I had not noticed before and I went to investigate. Good, I had seen something of consequence. The side curtains on the windows were of a wellknown Arabic make. I knew the material. I rang the bell but I waited in vain. Nóone answered. But I caught a glimpse of a pretty black-haired woman through the window. That is all that happened that day. I was not admitted to the house and I didn't wish to keep ringing the bell.

But I went again and again and finally I bought some "Halvah", Arabic sweets and placed them right in front of the steps and she had been seeing me through the windows and had become used to me and at last she opened the door. Suddenly she burst out weeping and she couldnot control herself any longer. I asked her what the matter was and she said that a dear relative had died which was obviously not true but she didnot want to tell the truth, namely that she was homesick and most lonesome and unhappy.

I had to treat her like a little child. But I took her under my wing and then began a long period of training on my part, of learning on her part. I was her one friend, her only confidante. She had gone barefoot all her life and her husband had not urged her to do differently. He just said she wouldn't understand. He himself was leading a somewhat double life. Old country in his home, new country outside. He took up American ways even to flirting with women on the outside. He had no trouble meeting women who were willing to flirt with him as he had a dark, exotic type of countenance which was very attractive. But his views regarding his wife remained oriental. As long as she didnot know any better, keep her the way she was and not enlighten her and I became a matter of concern with him. He didn't want me to meddle in his home life, as he put it. Why teach Maria? Didn't she have a good husband?

But Maria insisted that I come to see her and that was very simply engineered as the menfolk were on the road so much attending to their peddling. I had her first try to dress in American clothes. She suffered tortures trying to wear shoes and corsets. But under my tutelage she learnt first slowly then more rapidly as time went on. I taught her English; for a long time all she could say was yes, no, Good morning and a few simple things like that. Then to my surprise I found an intelligent woman companion in her and her progress was remarkable. I took her everywhere with me and she eagerly imbibed new ideas. Then I had her go to certain classes in the University with me and I patiently explained things to her that she didnot understand.

Her husband Ishak had been saving money and he finally bought a grocery business in San Francisco in partnership with Ezekiel, the brother. I had launched Maria and now she went along on her own. She bought out her brother's share and at present she is still working in the grocery , an actual partner and a really great help to her husband. The business is successful and Maria is an excellent business woman. Her husband says she is the biggest asset he has and he is no longer my enemy for having attempted the metamophosis of Maria, who is now completely Americanized.

PEASANT WOMEN OF SYRIA

In the United States the Syrians and the Arabians are classed in the same group and even the Mohammedans and Christians associate with one another and Jews of Turkey and Palestine are also at home in the same colony. In the home country there are naturally very strong antipathies to associating with one another but these prejudices fade when they arrive in the United States on account of their common fatherland and similar interests. Of course within the colony separate groups form again according to their various beliefs but they all associate with one another, nevertheless.

When they arrive in the United States they apparently become very quickly Americanized. I say, apparently, because it is merely a defense attitude. Under the thin coating of Americanization they are still very much Syrian at heart. They are afraid of ridicule they donot want to be considered 'Greenhorns' and so Kwaja Khan becomes Sam Cane or Muhammed Maffendi becomes Pete Feeny and so forth. However among themselves they are still Kwaja and Muhammed. They are very exclusive in their associations. They are friendly and peace-loving generally speaking but just as an oriental home in the old country shows its blank walls to the outsider while there is a wealth of beauty and luxury within(that is in the better homes) just so does the American Syrian keep his inner self locked against intrusion by those who he believes will not understand him.

The Syrian transplanted to America is waging a losing battle as far as his children are concerned. He is trying to hold them back from obtaining too much freedom and they, as is the way with all modern youth, generally delight in modern ways and are staunchly American. One Zuleika of my acquaintance, Susie to the rest of San Francisco, has come to me over and over again complaining of her father's strictness. He doesn't want her to go to Dances or

parties. "A decent Syrian girl doesn't do those things" he says and she says "Father is so hopelessly old-fashioned. I want to be like the rest of my girl friends." The eternal cry of American youth of old-world extraction. Her family is wealthy, her father would lavish everything in his power on her but he picked out a young Syrian man for her to marry. She objected and ran away, married a young man whom she chose and has already become divorced. Her father, meaning well, is completely bewildered. He can't understand these modern children. What has come over them? Is that really his flesh and blood.? Hasn't he always done his duty to them, taught them the Koran and kept the holidays! Ah, well it is the will of Allah! Everything is the will of Allah. And so he finally capitulates for the Syrians are very strong in their family ties and he loves his little, wayward daughter. And so she comes home again and tries to please the father as much as she can at the same time going to parties and other innocent entertainments without his knowledge. And in order not to hurt her father whom she loves dearly she takes on another personality, one for the home, the other for the outside.

I cite this case because it is typical of many Syrian families of my acquaintance. Of course there are some fathers who take on the American point of view more so than others, some who even approve of it but the foregoing attitude is more general. I have not mentioned the mothers in this instance because the fathers are practically always lords and masters in their homes and their womenfolk are inaccord with their decisions.

"Ellati Zaujuha ma'aha b'tadir el Kamar b'asbiha"

The woman who has her husband with her can turn the moon with her finger.

"El Maraa min ghayr Zaujuha mislaha tayaran maksus el Jenahh."

The woman without her husband is like a bird with one wing.

The women of the Syrian colony are unostentacious, loving mothers and wives for the most part and appear a contented lot. If they have grievances they keep them to themselves for they are subservient to their menfolk for are not the men the masters of creation? Some of the Syrian men are not loathe to take on the Western laxness of conduct. While devoted husbands and fathers at home some of the Syrian men of my acquaintance donot hesitate to drink to excess or to philander on the outside. But their drinking and flirting is never done within the colony. It is simply in their association with their American business or social friends. And one thing is most noticeable with the American Syrian. He keeps his home life and his outside life completely separated.

The Syrian man in San Francisco gets about more than the woman who leads a somewhat cloistered life. And while he attends Civic and social functions what he likes best is to spend his evenings in the coffee houses on Folsom and Third Streets. I will describe them fully in another article. Here in these coffee houses the Syrians and people of like nationalities and interests, congregate, discuss the days' events, drink the thick, syrupy coffee or the licorice-like "Raki" or Arak, munch sunflower and other seeds and smoke the Narghileh or Shabat in quiet contentment.

Jewess

Mohammedan

Ladies from different sections of Syria and Arabia.
Afifi Gibran wore similar costumes in her work. Take away their strange Oriental clothing and put ordinary American clothes on them and you can see their counterparts here in San Francisco.

Christian

Young Matron

Dancing girls

Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

DAUGHTERS OF THE LEVANT: SYRIA

Costumes like these were worn in the Arabian Night's Show

Types like those below can be seen in San Francisco's Syrian Colony

Beatrice Frohlich

SYRIANS

E. Zachariah

The Zachariah family is prominent in Syrian affairs in San Francisco and the bay region and is known also in Syrian circles in other parts of California and in New York as well. Elias Zachariah is a dealer in religious articles of all kinds, some are domestic and some he manufactures and again he imports from all over the world. He has the largest variety of religious medals in the United States and he specializes in prayer books in all languages.

He is looked up to in American business and social circles as well and is especially well-known by those who are interested in articles of a religious nature. There is quiet, restful charm about his shop as there is about the man. He doesnot urge you to buy, he doesnot take the shopowner attitude. You are his guest and you can take all the time you wish to look at what his shop offers.

Mr. Zachariah was born in Batoun, Syria. Batoun is a small town near Beirut and situated in the shadow of Mount Lebanon. Years ago Batoun compared favorably in prosperity with the well-known seacoast towns of the world. When Mr. Zachariah was a child Batoun was thriving but now it is poverty stricken and broken down. In former days it had an income from the sponge industry between 20,000 pounds and 25,000 pounds sterling yearly and that was for only a few weeks industry out of the year. It ranked high in silk culture, averaging 20,000 pounds yearly and its income from olives was noteworthy. Now everything is decadent in that town. They cut off the mulberry trees during the world war and now it doesnot pay to raise them.

The sponge industry likewise has gone out of existence. Olive culture is at a standstill. Water is expensive and the people are too poor to buy it for irrigation.

Mr. Zachariah's father was a merchant and small landowner but his fortunes hit a snag , his tenants couldnot pay the land rental and he saw no future in Syria for his sons. He foresaw what would eventually happen in Batoun. So Elias and his older brother decided to embark for the land of opportunity. They took some of the goods from the shop with them and sold it at a profit in Marseilles where they again bought more goods and brought it to New Orleans, sold it there again at a considerable profit. They continued importing goods from the land of their birth and reselling it in New Orleans, sometimes going from door to door as travelling peddlers. It was not an easy life but they were young and full of ambition and they made gradual headway and lived frugally. Their savings mounted up.

All this time Elias was true to the faith of his fathers. He was of the Malchite faith. Most of the Syrians are Greek Catholics and Roman Catholics but there are many who are Maronites and Malchites. Maronites are a certain body of Arabic Christians who reside on Mount Lebanon and in certain districts of Syria who were originally Monotheletes; in the 12th century they abandoned their distinctive opinions and united with the Church of Rome. They still retain Syriac liturgy, their practice of administering the Eucharist in both kinds and other distinctive practices. They probably take their name from one Maro of the 7th century.

The Malchites are a branch of the Greek Orthodox Church with slightly different practices.

The Zachariahs were strict Malchites and the young boys when they came to America ardently followed their faith. Among the things they imported, the religious articles from the Holy land gradually took the preponderance. Mostly religious cards, especially Christmas cards from Syria seemed to sell well.

They didnot like the climate in New Orleans and they wandered from that town to Saint Louis, peddling their goods along the way. From their home they received distressing news and when they could they sent money home to help their folks. They lived in St. Louis for a time but the people there frightened them with tales of the bitter cold winters and told them that the Mississippi would be frozen over. They decided to go to the Pacific Coast and they arrived in San Francisco one day after the earthquake. Here was opportunity. The goods they brought with them sold rapidly and in a short while the brothers opened small shops independently, Elias specializing in religious postcards and the like in his shop on Van Ness Ave. and his brother dealing in ornaments, silk goods, damask and other Oriental goods in his shop at 24th and Mission.

Business was flourishing. And then Elias branched out and finally opened the Catholic Art Store on Sutter Street where he is still in business. His store is known all over the United States and he himself is known for his kind humanity and good deeds. He is a comparatively wealthy man and has used his wealth for good purposes. When he moved from Van Ness Ave he enlarged the scope of his business to include all those articles of a religious nature in which he is still doing a thriving business.

He has since the last ten years done considerable travelling going to New Zealand, Hawaii and has made several trips back to

his birthplace. The last trip he made three years ago when he found conditions very wretched and when there he did what he could to relieve some of the misery. He was only fourteen years of age when he left Syria the first time and he had received only a very fragmentary education on account of his family's poverty. With his mounting prosperity in the United States, he was able to educate himself. He married a Syrian woman in the old country, brought her to America and has one son who studied technical engineering. He is the proprietor of a radio business. He is the apple of his father's eye and as Elias Zachariah himself puts it " My son is as close to me as the skin on my body." They are very proud of their Syrian background although good American citizens. "Remember," he says, "We are the original Christians."

Besides his son and his religion, his garden ranks high in his interests. He has a lovely home in Menlo Park and whatever spare time he has he spends in cultivating his garden. He says : " My garden, like my life, I wish to have well-cultivated and free of weeds and a pleasure to others as well as to myself."

Village on Mount Lebanon

THE HEART OF THE LEBANON

Photo

IN A SYRIAN SILK FACTORY

BEIRÛT HAS ITS EIGHT CHRISTIAN BODIES

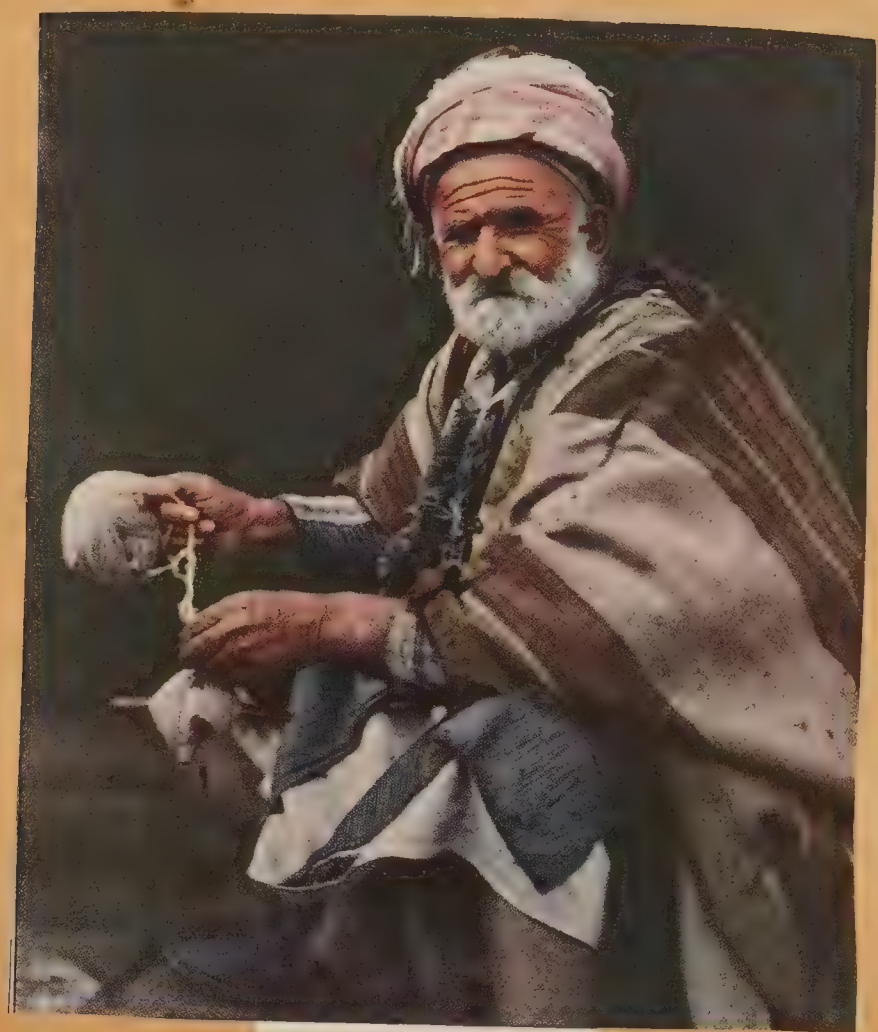
Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

MAKING MOUNTAIN BREAD AT DEIR EL-KAL'A, NEAR BEIRÛT

The finished product, sometimes almost as thin as paper, is seen piled up to the right. Under a curved iron plate, with the convex side up, a small fire of dried twigs bakes or dry-fries the bread in less than a minute.

Syrian "Serve-yourself" grocery shop

A BEGGAR OF BEIRÛT



A TURBANED PATRIARCH

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Syrians as a rule are proud and love to rule, but so far they have not learned the art of organizing their hidden powers ~~to bring forth their hidden powers~~ for success, ~~so far~~ majority strive for success individually, and individual success brings forth merely the amount it involves. Some are beginning to realize that it requires organization and cooperation to the extent, ~~large or small depends on~~ the desired accomplishment. It is believed that Syria will be a great or leading factor in stabalizing and organizing the Mohammedans in bringing about an independence and self controlled government covering the Mohammedan people.

Mickey, as an individual, does not believe in any particular religion and thinks that we come and go as any other creature or animals that we see on this earth, What there is beyond death no one knows and no one will ever know. This theory is based on facts of many discussions in his native land. Some of the elder people in Syria seem to have more or less truth covering the origin of the bible. Study ~~into~~ ancient history covering the origin of the bible there seem to be sufficient proof that the historic scriptures were all re-written many times, from symbols into symbols and the so called meaning or as we listen to the meaning or reading word after word in the scripture, we accept it as it appears, this is due to the short-coming of our powers to decipher what is called the truth. The bible being written and rewritten from symbols, finally it became a book with the present chapters, created the same as any other book. We find that many of our best books in libraries are creatives of matters published in other books, therefore he cannot accept any reading as a matter of absolute truth unless there is something to substenciate the facts, since the bible is written in symbols, This he believes is the cause of so many different religions, and the

turmoil and wars on this earth, and the so-called religion factions are largely to blame for much of our strife that we are subjected to ; religion is created by a constant impression of what ever they may call it created sooner or later it becomes a fact in their minds that a certain chapter, paragraph, or possibly a word means thus. The picture is created so that the average individual with their shortcoming is not able to improve or disect the meaning. Making it necessary for them to accept as it appears, consequently the average individual groupes in the dark, and says "oh, what is the use", especially with those that tried to study into the various religion, all of which claims to have the truth, if it is true that the bible is the book of truth, there must be some records and articles, symbols or otherwise to substenciate some of the articles in the old testiment that could be produced to enlighten some of the thinking people on this earth, that is so far as their thinking power can reach. A human being apparently, is the lowest intellectual creature of all animals, an animal after it has weined, it goes out and provides for itself, how many people can do that at the ~~presnot~~ present time, sick or well makes no difference. Why do we have so much sickness, particularly cancer and T.B. which should not exist, these diseases do not exist in countries where the natives live on natural foods, instead of the highly demineralized and devitalized products that we are consuming of greater amounts every year and so goes up the rate of the horrible diseases. On account of the highly refined demineralized and devitalized product we starve our bodies for lack of the proper mineral elements, causing cells in our body to die not to be noticed for some time, until a body of cells in one spot have died and beings to decay then we call on

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